TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

One of the saddest events of the week was the unexpected death of N. Gordon Bigelow, M.P.P. for Toronto. Mr. Bigelow has been a prominent figure in Toronto for many years, and having been the unexpected winner of an election contest in which the chances were all against him was deservedly regarded as a lucky man. Like the rest of us he passed through hard times, and unlike many of us had got far ahead of the wolf. His tact and courtesy as the Government candidate in an almost hopeless constituency stamped him as a man who had a future before him. At the next general elections, had he been successful, he would have been close to a portfolio in the Mowat administration. Thus having achieved a position both pleasing to his ambition and within the scope of his means and ability, Mr. Bigelow was naturally regarded as a fortunate man. He is dead. His family and his friends mourn him, and those who have sometimes been enamored of politics and the noisy, struggling life which offers excitement and possible promotion to the candidates are left saying to one another, "There is nothing in it." Surely every politician and publicist must realize how wonderfully small the luckiest "finds" and the most fortunate careers are when we see men who have had the prize within their grasp carried to the grave by their friends. The whole matter resolves itself into an unimportant tearing up of one's possible happiness, the disturbance of one's health, and then nothing but a long wooden box. I do not know anything that has happened recently that is so apt to divert the attention of aspirants from the service of their city, or province, or country as the taking away of Mr. Bigelow. In the little time between his nomination, his election, his death and the date when the Legislature will assemble in the new building in the Park, our ordinary politics have been disturbed, a conspicuous figure has arisen and there has been a funeral, and life has been made to seem so short that the impression has been painful. Many have been made to feel that it is not worth while struggling and wrangling as man must struggle and wrangle to obtain public place. Solomon, I think it was, mourned that a man's sons come to honor and he knows not of it. So men come to honor after a hard race and die even before the laurels touch their brows. Amidst the general regret that Mr. Bigelow did not live to realize his hopes or to find compensation for his struggles, I am sure I can tender most sincere sympathy to his family, thoroughly believing that they will miss the husband and father more acutely and for more months than the thoughtless, hurrying public will miss the generous and able man who has passed away. After all, the vacant seat at the fireside means more than the vacant seat in the Legislature, and this fact is worthy of note to those who lose some of their brightest hours of happiness in pursuit of a place which if obtained and vacated leads only to immediate and heartless speculations as to who will be the dead man's successor. If women and children loved as constituents appear to love, the question of who would be a widow's second husband would be canvassed before the corpse was cold. As this is not the case, it should make many men shrink into the faithful realms of home, where the fire of love and the sweet incense of memory last at least a few days after the funeral and where even conventionalities demand that mourning be not too hastily dispensed with.

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A good man who is dead is apparently worth less than a bad man who lives and succeeds in bluffing his enemies and tricking the people into a belief that he has been abused. If appearances are not deceitful, Count Mercier is liable to again become the idol of the French-Canadian people. No matter what is obvious, unimportant is it that he has been generally esteemed as a boodler and corruptionist; he is alive. The man who survives the awful breath of scandal and has effrontery enough to play the part of the persecuted one often discovers that his popularity has been enhanced by his tribulations. By their gods shall ye know them. If French Canada worships at such shrines as those of Chapleau and Mercier we have a right to wonder if honest people are willing to bow the knee to dishonest gods. If in public, religious and political life such men as Mercier and Chapleau can be idolized by the French-Canadians, we have a right to believe that virtue would go to a poor market were it to offer itself to them as a people, honest, industrious and worthy as they are individually and in private life. If, too, the successful men of a province, the best loved men of a province are of this variety, what hope is there for anyone but tricksters and corruptionists, what sort of a breed of aspirants for public honors can you expect? It would seem that the speeches made at the doors of parish churches and the careful superintendence of early education and all measures for the preservation of piety during childhood are lost when such strange figures obtrude themselves upon the public gaze as the idols of the chivalric but expatriated Frenchman.

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Despatches indicate that Grover Cleveland has been elected President. How different a class of man is he to Chapleau or Mercier. Those who laughed at him as the "fat prophet" have had to mourn that he knew how to attach himself to the better sentiments of a larger constituency. He was willing to wait; he believed—as everyone should believe, insomuch as such a belief is the only thing that furnishes the foundation of a government, of a community, of a political party based on proper principles—that the majority will always do right if they are given time to find out what is right. He believed in tariff reform, and said so. Politicians of his own party shrieked in dismay, but he kept steady; he was beaten, but he continued to believe in tariff reform. He denounced the proposed Silver Bill as an iniquity; again the politicians shrieked and denounced him as too crazy a man to offer as a presidential candidate. But he was right, and knew it. All he needed was time for people to understand where he stood. Life is long compared with the ephemeral issues which politicians ordinarily offer. He accepted four years in private life, refused to be a demagogue, treated his opponent with the greatest chivalry and to-day is the greatest leader of men in the world. His personality has carried with it an influence and given to his party a result unsurpassed in the history of popular institutions. He may be a "fat prophet," he may be a man incapable of strong personal friendships, he may be everything that his enemies have dared to call him, but he is a leader of men and as such deserves the congratulations of those who reign without governing. It was said of him that he made the mistake of believing that he was the Democratic party; to-day it can be said of him that he was, and is, the Democratic party. His individuality is superior to his party's impulses, and the success of the party is owing to the superiority of his manhood and leadership. It is said that the Lord loves the man who knows how to wait; it may be properly added to this aphorism that it is a hard thing for a man who is strong enough to lead to brave defeat, contumely and all the attendant dangers which threaten to entirely and forever destroy an unfortunate candidate, who stands on principle, fortified by foresight though he may be, and hear his enemies crow over his annihilation and see his alleged friends prepare his tomb. As I have several times ventured to say, Cleveland is the greatest man since Lincoln and he is near to the heart of the populace of the United States. He can do what he pleases now, his friends and his enemies both believing that he will labor and wait and accomplish. For the first time since I have been old enough to appreciate United States politics a great leader is at the head of the people of the United States. The strong hand of a victorious general holds the helm and we may expect to see the government carried on by a great man instead of by an unruly party influenced by racial prejudices and the petty and oppressive contrivances of cliques and guerillas. It will be an interesting exhibit—and no doubt it will be regarded as such by the whole world—to see a republic presided over by a dominant individuality. Hitherto, except in rare instances, the President has been the compromise candidate of a party. Grover Cleveland is a man who has dominated his party, obtained the cleavage of the people and stands in a position that the President of the United States never before occupied so completely, of being THE man. At this juncture we can properly ask, "What will he do with it?" His administration will be an era in the history of republican government. What he does, how he succeeds, the effect of his administration may be rightfully rated as an example of the best that can be done by the best man of a great people who has been chosen to exemplify the possibilities of popular government.

HERR ANTON SEIDL
CONDUCTOR.

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In Canada who is our Grover Cleveland? Has the Reform party or the Conservative party a man who deserves to rank in the same class with him? Who is in training for the position? Are not our politics proportionately the same variety as those of the Republican party? A few shrewd fellows manipulate legislation, obtain desirable terms for some of the manufacturers or Ontario positions and licenses for the hacks, thus gaining big boodle for the campaign and intolerable influence in the dispensing of patronage. Is it not likely that an avalanche will strike our administrations if they persist in their policy of petty politics? Well, perhaps it is unlikely, for neither party has a Cleveland; they have no man who has either originated or adhered to any great line of policy. Such a man may develop, and once he obtains by his fearless patriotism and adherence to a grand principle a following in Canada he will be hard to hold. The tea-pot politicians and tariff pettifoggers will not be in it if a leader of the people arises in Canada. Is it not strange that amongst all our clever men—and in Canada we average more clever men to the thousand of population than any other country I have ever heard of—no one has arisen with a personality strong enough to engage attention, an issue wide enough to unite the people and an ambition grand enough to exalt itself and him into a place higher than the leadership of a religious sect or a political faction? Is there anybody engaged in the whole of this Dominion in the study of the question which must be solved before our fate is revealed? Is there anyone seeking to be the Lincoln, the Cleveland, of this Dominion? Are not our politicians engaged in figuring out the possibilities of obtaining a postoffice or a portfolio? Whose conduct indicates that he is trying to obtain a place in history by adding to the grandeur of our Dominion as a free country, a land glorious enough to attract population, rich enough to afford sustenance for many added millions and great enough in area to give scope to a grand mind and a great heart? The answer must be, Nobody. There is too much "nobody" in our politics. What we need is a leader. If a leader sprang up in either party just now, or within the near "now," if he were possessed of ideas, patriotism, patience and personality he could lead the people of this land almost anywhere. As we have arranged it, personality and patriotism have little place. Give us postoffices, plunder, anything but public men who refuse to trim and truckle and tremble when bishops and grand masters, races and religions, seek to fetter the feet of progress. However, the people are getting tired of this sort of thing. Some day, we know not when nor how, someone will struggle loose from the great mass of pie-biting politicians and a new course will be laid out, a new leader given us, a new policy framed and the northern half of the continent will feel like an army on the march with a general at its head. Great God of nations, give us a general! We are tired of following corporals and seeing the people eternally drummed by recruiting sergeants into an army that has no head, no motive, no battles to fight that could not be won by a policeman. Why, O God of nations, should the people of Canada be drilled by small men to fight for petty subsidies when the heart of this nation longs to struggle for something great and grand and ennobling? Why, O Power in heaven, do the fates make our politics so petty, our preferments so small, our standard so mean, so contemptible? No Canadian will ever consent to annexation at least so long as the life of the older or middle generation lasts. We have as good a country, a stouter people, a clean notion outside of politics of what the home and the community should be, but we need a statesman to lead us. We are tired of chicanery and chancery lawyers and ward-toughs and party heelers. Raise up for the good Lord's sake, A MAN, someone with brains and heart and an ambition for the country as well as for himself. We have lived long enough on the border of Nobody's land; we have heard, until nausea is followed by apathy, the ba, ba, black sheep of childish disturbers and political hacks. We have been agitated over trifles until even great things will need the cry of a prophet to make us conceive of them. We have been lashed into fury by jacklegs and blacklegs and clowns in the *role* of tragic patriots. What we need now is a MAN, and though as partizans we may say to one another "Tell it not in Gath and whisper it not in Askalon," we have not a statesman; we have tricksters and politicians, everything but a MAN.

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Is there not in the whole brood of political aspirants someone who is willing to play the *role*—even if it be not according to his temperament—of a MAN? There is in Canada a great and glorious opportunity. The Opposition in Dominion politics is helpless and hopeless because it lacks the man. The Dominion Government seems to be composed of whitewashers and time-servers. Where in the whole Dominion are we to look for a great man—somebody who has an idea of how to make Canada the great nation she deserves to be? Where do we see the budding ambition, the sprouting policy, the latent energy of THE COMING MAN?

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It is no use to talk about principles. People will follow a man when they will ignore a principle, and we must have a leader. Principles must have an exponent. If the abstract doctrine of love could have been taught on this earth Christ might never have lived and suffered amongst us. If we could deal in abstractions and be satisfied with political reasons and arguments as to religious dogmas, Luther and Melancthon, and Huss and Knox, and Wycliffe would never have been raised up. If in politics abstract principles amounted to anything, Cromwell and William of Orange, and the great Kaiser and Kossuth and Garibaldi would have been unnecessary; the United States to-day, loving freedom though they do, would still be [the home of slavery had it not been for Lincoln and the men who led the Abolitionists; the McKinley Bill would remain for years unaltered had it not been for Cleveland. Irish Home Rule had been abandoned a century ago had it not been for such men as O'Connell and Parnell. The greatest and only reforms known in history have had an apostle, for without Mohammed there had not been Mohammedanism. Talk of popular institutions as we like, we depend as in feudal days on leaders, on the patience, courage and fortitude of great men. Lacking these things is it strange that we drift on to dangerous shallows? Need we wonder that when no great man leads us and forgetful that great men are evolved by great impulses, our people are becoming scattered? To-day, as of old, an army without a leader is a mob. Canada's factions without a great leader are little better than a mob. In many respects we represent a feudal constituency; our people are scattered over vast territory, our interests are diverse, our antagonisms many. Tell me, ye wise men who rule us, what bugle-call except a common danger would bring all Canada together? What impulse unites the hearts and strengthens the arms of all Canadians? What voice inspires confidence, what command is universally obeyed? Give us something worth fighting for and we will fight; give us a general who knows how to command and we will follow; in a battle worth winning we will win.

DON.

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A friend of mine disquiets himself by desiring that mankind should arrive at a full knowledge of the truth about everything, so that an end might be put to vain speculation and fruitless strivings in disappointing directions. Why, if we knew the whole truth, all we could do would be to kneel on the trembling earth in unutterable awe and look up. The truth would paralyze human action—it would strike with a common dumbness the preacher in his pulpit and the profane man jolling in the seat of the scornful. The tragic terror that would come with it would make men fall upon their faces and wait, hopeless, for the judgment. There would be no scepticism or diversity of opinion then—everything would be solved and the great Solution would tower high and appall us, for in its presence I think the philosophy of the schools and the wisdom of the creeds would be as much abashed and confounded as would be the folly of the foolish. The degrees of ignorant delusion would not be worth attention in that presence, for there the sage and the idiot would seem as one. The whole, final, undebatable Truth would be too much for man to bathe with in this little world. Its heat would shrivel him, its weight would crush him, its size would crowd him off into the void. Things are all right as they are, and I would not beckon truth across the river, on the other shore of which it awaits us, even though it would come at my nod. It is the falsities of life that make it liveable; it is ignorance that makes us vain and vanity that keeps the heart glad. Let Truth be to us a vanishing, flickering

uncertainty, the pursuit of it an engrossing occupation, and the capture of each tiny, successive atom a triumph, a reward, for those who secure it. That is the charm of life. I had rather by my own act find an atom and contribute it to the rising and falling walls of the structure of human knowledge, than have while we are finite beings the great edifice finished for us at a touch of the divine hand, with me lying stupefied and dazzled at its resplendent portals.

MACK.

The Seidl Concert.

The Seidl concert on the 23rd inst. should not be missed. It will be one of the most important musical events which Toronto has seen for some years, and the Messrs. Suckling deserve credit for their enterprise in making the engagement. The Seidl orchestra is a very large and expensive organization, containing not only 55 players, but 55 artists, among whom are the celebrated Welsh harpist John Cheshire, Victor Herbert, the renowned 'cellist, and Clifford Schmidt, who has made a great reputation for himself as a violin soloist.

Mr. Seidl, now a naturalized American citizen, was born in Buda-Pesth forty-two years ago, played the piano with remarkable expertness at the age of six, and at twelve was performing in public charitable concerts. He was ambitious for the priesthood, but while at the University of Pesth he began to develop another inclination. His youthful soprano voice was heard in the masses of the college choir; he became the organist of the college, and its singing societies demanded his planistic talent as accompanist and occasionally as soloist. From this time onward the now famous conductor has experienced nothing but an upward march to fame and merit. He is now one of the few great conductors of the day. It was in the year 1885 that he was summoned to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. During his stupendous and unequaled artistic work there he became not only the idol of the Wagnerites of the metropolis, but much more besides.

Mdlle. Amanda Fabris, the celebrated soprano, has been specially engaged to sing in this concert. Those who have heard this artiste speak in the highest terms of her powers and are greatly pleased at the prospect of again having the pleasure of listening to her. In the late American Opera Company she divided the principal soprano work and honors with Miss Juch, and is now singing with the greatest success in New York. Miss Fabris has twice filled the *role* of Marguerite in Faust in Toronto, and has also appeared in Goldmark's Queen of Sheba, winning success on each occasion. Mr. Harry Field, the young Canadian piano virtuoso, will also play at this event. The subscribers' list will be closed shortly, and those who have not yet placed their names on it should do so without delay. The concert will be a brilliant and fashionable success.

Social and Personal.

The Athenæum Club gave an informal At Home last Saturday night at which a very large number were present. Dancing to Gilonna's music was carried on in the basement, and bowls, billiards and all the varied amusements provided at this handsome club house were in full swing. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Halworth, Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Snider, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Mr. and Miss Carrick, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons, Mr. and Miss Swift, Mr. and Miss Whatmough, Mr. and Miss Authers, Mr. and Miss McEachren, the Misses Eilen Bailey, Williamson, Brown, Madden, Willicroft, Messrs. Edwards, Matthews, Higgins, Meredith McLennan, Wells, F. Sherrett and Sharkey.

At Mr. S. H. Clark's farewell reception last week a fine and well pleased audience turned out. Mrs. Mack clean was in fine voice and looked as gracious as usual. An enthusiastic society leader remarked that Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mrs. Mackelcan were the handsomest pair of singers who ever rendered a duet on a Toronto stage.

Miss Anna Schumacher of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Charles Cluthe of Wellington place.

Mrs. Follingsby, of 30 Grosvenor street, gave a luncheon on Thursday. Those invited were Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, Mrs. James Plummer, Mrs. Hebden, Mrs. Henry Price, Miss Price, Miss Terrie Price, Mrs. and Miss MacMahon and Mrs. L. O'Brien.

Mr. Henry Cawthra entertained at dinner on Friday last, at Yeadon Hall, the directorate of the Bank of Toronto, the Canada Permanent Loan Co. and the Consumers Gas Co. of Toronto.

A pretty wedding took place on Tuesday, October 18, in McCaul street Methodist church, the bride being Miss Essie Fiegehen, one of the leading soprano's of this church choir for several years, and the groom Mr. Fred. W. Chapman, traveler for Samson, Kennedy and Co. While the spectators waited Mr. Burns rendered choice music. At 7.30 the bride appeared leaning on the arm of her uncle, Mr. J. W. Shorney, followed by Miss Mercy Morrison, Miss Lucy Chapman, Miss Sara Kerr and Lillian Shorney as maids of honor. Mr. Alex. Roger acted as best man, with Mr. S. Martin, leader of the choir, and Mr. Winger as ushers. The scene at the altar was one of picturesque beauty. Rev. J. E. Lancely read the introductory part of the service and Rev. W. F. Wilson tied the nuptial knot. The organ produced soft and impressive strains while the ceremony was proceeding. The bridal party and about one hundred guests left for the residence of Mr. Shorney, 11 St. Patrick street. A *recherche* luncheon was served. The newly married couple left at 10.30 for a trip through the Western States. The bride was attired in cream *faille* silk trimmed with Irish point lace from Paris and ribbon to match, with veil and orange blossoms. She wore a set of diamond ear-rings, the gift of the groom. Miss Morrison wore corn colored *faille* silk with *chiffon;* Miss Lucy Chapman wore cream corded silk trimmed with silk lace and ribbon; Miss Sara Kerr wore pale green *faille* silk trimmed with Irish point lace, ribbon and diamonds; Miss Lillian Shorney, white surah silk made in Josephine style.

Miss Maud Masson of Oshawa, who has developed exceptional talent as a reader, gave a very successful recital in All Saints' church recently. The large audience showed their appreciation of her ability in an unmistakable way, and although she gave six different readings they would gladly have heard more. Miss Masson intends making this her chosen profession and she has already greatly distinguished herself at the Ontario Ladies' College as well as in the Emerson College of Oratory at Boston, where she spent the past year. She intends going south for the winter and will then probably return to Boston to complete her studies. As she is vivacious and magnetic in manner and easily secures and holds the sympathy of her hearers, she will no doubt enjoy a successful career.

The Amethyst Club held its third annual At Home on All Hallow Eve, in their new hall, corner of Queen street west and Northcote avenue. Some one hundred couples attended and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Great credit is due the energetic committee, viz.: J. J. Ward, president; W. J. Edwards, vice-president; W. A. Porteous, secretary; M. J. Ward, treasurer; Captain Powers, J. Curran Hardy, J. F. Monck, A. A. Alexander, George B. Leslie, D. Atkinson, J. Small, T. W. Dudgeon, C. McNaught, Thomas Scott, W. Irving and F. Moore for the success of the affair. The hall-room was beautifully decorated and presented a gay appearance. The following is a correct list of those present: Ald. W. P. Atkinson, Mr. D. Atkinson, Miss L. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Alexander, Miss Abernethy, Miss Barnan, Miss Bennett, Mr. J. Carbary, Mr. F. Carnell, Miss Chafor, Mr. E. Chambers, Mr. and Miss Clubb, Mr. N. Clarke, Mr. J. Corbett, Mr. R. Cowan, Miss L. Curtain, Miss F. Curtain, the Misses Cooney, Miss Coyle of London, Mr. J. Davis, Mr. T. W. Dudgeon, Mr. A. Dickie, Mr. W. Dickie, Mr. J. Dunn, Mr. G. Donner of Orangeville, Miss D. Downer, Mr. W. J. Edwards, Mr. J. E. Earls, Miss Edmonds, Mr. G. Foster, Mr. J. Fitzgerald, Mr. W. Farmer, Mr. W. Fantenhan, Mr. R. and Miss Fawkner, Mr. W. Fox, Mr. J. and Miss Flett, Miss Granger, Miss E. Granger, Mr. R. A. Grant, Mr. F. Fray, Mr. J. Grant, Miss I. Guest, Mr. J. and Miss Goddard, Mr. C. Graham, Mr. W. A. Gray, the Misses Granger, Mr. H. and Miss Hultz, the Misses Hayknyne, Mr. J. Holden, Mr. J. Humphrey, Miss G. Hales, Miss Hobbs, Miss Bolzorf, Mr. J. C. Hardy, Mr. W. Irving, Mr. E. Irving, Mr. W. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. A. Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Mr. W. C. Kerr, Mr. F. Knifton, Miss Kelly, Mr. P. J. Keeting, Miss Kyle, Miss A. Kyle, Mr. N. Kaiser, Miss Lyons, Mr. W. Lawson, Mr. J. L. Little, Mr. G. J. Little, Mr. N. Laird, Mr. M. Laird, Mr. J. Laxton, Mr. G. E. Laxton, Mrs. Lovelace, Mr. J. Lang, Miss Land, Mr. G. Leslie, Mr. G. Laidlaw, Mr. W. MacMorris of Orangeville, Mr. W. MacMillen, Mr. and Mrs. C. McNaught, Misses McCormick, Mr. E. McCormick, Mr. J. McEachen, Mr. N. McInerney, Misses McInerney, Miss McDonough, Mr. and Miss McBrearty, Mr. D. McCall, Miss McCall, Mr. F. Morgan, Mr. J. F. Monck, Miss Muckleston, Miss Marolin, Mr. W. Mulock, Miss Mathews, Mr. J. Morgan, Mr. F. Murchison, Miss Murchison, Miss Murphy of Detroit, Mr. W. Mitchell, Capt. Powers, Miss Pickering, Mr. J. Potts, Miss Prouse, Mr. J. Paia, Mr. W. A. Porteous, Miss Porteous, Mr. J. C. Palodina, Mr. W. Ramsay, the Misses Richardson, Messrs. Redway, Messrs. Robinson, Mrs. and Miss M. Robinson, Miss Shilton, Miss T. Scott, Miss Snively, Miss Sheldon, Mr. J. and Miss Small, the Misses Shaw, Mr. T. Stephenson, Mr. W. Thomas, Miss Thomas, Mr. Smith, Mr. J. J. and Mrs. Ward, Messrs. Ward, Miss Ward, Mr. F. Wade, Miss Watty of Barrie, Mr. N. C. Wallace, M.P., and Mrs. Wallace, the Misses Walker, Mr. and Miss White, Miss Wylie, Mr. G. A. and J. Watson, Mr. W. White, Miss Wade, Mr. W. Williams, Mr. W. Webster, Mr. James Woods, Mr. Gus. Zryd of Detroit.

Cards are out for a dance to be given on November 22 by Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald. Idylwyld will not be the scene of the festivities, but St. George's Hall will be, for the evening, transformed into a ball-room.

Verily the football match is in these days a fashionable affair. Among those who watched the exciting struggle last Saturday between Hamilton and Osgoode Hall were many of Toronto's notables. Government House was represented, and among the throng were also noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Brown, the Misses Moss, Mr. and Mrs. VanKoughnet, the Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt, the Misses Bethune, Miss Stevenson, Mr. Thomas Tait, Miss Baldwin, Miss Howland, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grassett, Miss McLean Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis. Heavy ulsters and steamer wraps to put beneath the feet were the order of the day, but in spite of the cold the immense audience sat resolutely on to the end of the game.

Saturday evening was chosen by the officebearers of St. George's Society as a fitting time to show their appreciation of Mrs. Herbert Mason's labors in connection with Ye Fayre. As president of the committee Mrs. Mason's duties were many and difficult, requiring energy and executive ability as well as patience and tact. Mr. Drayton presented her, on behalf of the society, with an exquisite bouquet of roses, and Mrs. Mason replied on her behalf simply and suitably. Without doubt all connected with Ye Fayre feel proud of its success and deservedly so.

Miss Powell's acting as the unaffected Rose Maydew was very much admired by those who frequented Ye Haymarket Playhouse at Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre.

Miss Simpson of Bowmanville has been the guest of Miss Laing during Ye Fayre.

Mr. Boscovitz has published a charming new song, White Shells, which he has dedicated to Miss Kingsmill.

A meetly beautiful sight to succeed the quaint Old Englyshe Fayre, and the martial turnout of Tuesday afternoon in the Pavilion, was the Chrysanthemum Show, which was opened on Tuesday at three o'clock by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor. Mrs. Kirkpatrick sat at her husband's right hand, and received a lovely bouquet from a rather nervous small girl, after which the Governor declared the show opened. The Government House party then inspected the lovely ranks of blossoms, and Neapolitano's orchestra discoursed sweet music, while the visitors murmured exclamations of surprise and pleasure at the magnificent exhibit. The Pavilion did not look its best, however, until evening, when the bright lights showed to advantage the unique Japanese decorations of lanterns, parasols and wreaths of evergreens, which were designed and put up by a clever German florist, Charles Arnold of 506 Queen street west. An interesting but very brief competition in making up a bouquet of roses took place between four florists, and the prize was won in three minutes by the aforementioned Wurtemburger. His graceful shower of white buds, with three or four delicate Marshal Neils at the apex, was most deftly and artistically arranged. Colonel Sweny's exhibit was very successful, much to the gratification of his many attendant friends, the colonel capturing twelve first and one second prizes, and also a silver cup and silver medal. The chrysanthemums had done wonderful things with themselves, here turning inside out and wrong side to, in bewildered contortions; there rolled up into a delightful ball of cream or white; somewhere else, straggling in helpless, draggling strands, and again delicately frosted with a sort of fluffy fur. The orchestra played some charming selections during the evening, and the show was voted a thorough success by all present. Among the strollers through the fairy hedges of bloom I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Small, Mr. S. and Miss Small, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hamilton, Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Snider of Deer Park, the Misses Beatty of the Park, Miss Violet Towner, Mrs. and the Misses Lamport, Mr. and Mrs. Coady, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. and Miss Leys, Mrs. Pringle, Miss Laidlaw and Mr. McMurray.

Mrs. DaMoulin was At Home last Saturday afternoon, and her rooms were well filled in spite of the counter-attraction at Rosedale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Willoughby have returned from Palladelphia and are residing at 45 Hazelton avenue.

Cards are out for an afternoon reception at Mrs. Newman's pretty home on Wilcox street, for Wednesday, November 16.

Mrs Justice and Mrs. Ferguson will give a dance at Eastlawn on November 24.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton leave on Monday for a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Hodgins of Germantown, Philadelphia.

Judge and Mrs. Bell of Chatham are on a visit to friends in Toronto.

Bandmaster Waldron has arranged Miss Mason's waltz, Government House, for the use of the Grenadiers' Band. It will be the twelfth number at the much anticipated Cricketers' ball on the 15th.

Mr. Ellis has added several more paintings to the Paul Peel collection on exhibition in his art room. A large number of ladies and gentlemen have visited it.

Mrs. George A. Cox of Sherbourne street gave a very elegant reception to Dr. Burwash, the faculty of Victoria College and a host of the friends of the college on last Tuesday evening. A stream of carriages rolled through the lovely grounds from eight o'clock and deposited their occupants on the hospitable threshold of Mrs. Cox's spacious home, which was *en fete* in most charming guise for the occasion. Mrs. Cox received in her delightfully genial and hearty manner, and the handsome rooms were soon filled to overflowing with smiling guests.

Sheriff James Betts of Bracebridge was in town last Monday.

Mr. James Burton of Barrie was in the city the early part of this week.

Mrs. Rein Wadsworth has returned home and will receive on November 14 and two following days at 81 Madison avenue.

Miss Cawthra of Beverley street has left for the continent, where she will continue her art studies.

Some of the coslest quarters in Toronto are those occupied by the Western Branch of the Toronto College of Music over the Dominion Bank on the corner of Spadina avenue and College street. A short recital by the pupils will be given this day week, and anyone interested in the musicians of the future should attend. The recital is from three to four o'clock.

Les Hibous will hold their weekly reunion this evening, at the residence of Miss Howson, 16 Brunswick avenue. The club has been reinforced this winter by several Parisians, and will no doubt be more popular and beneficial than ever.

A grand turnout of soldier boys took place last Sunday afternoon, and a corresponding number of pretty girls, pleasant women and proud mothers were *en attendance.* The Kilties, of course, came in for much admiration, and the Colonel and the Major were the observed of all feminine observers. The U. C. C. cadets were under command of Capt. Fred Hunter, and looked well in their trim uniform of blue and white. The North-West veterans, under President Allen, Captain Elliot and Lieutenant Goodwin, presented a good appearance.

A most pleasing and interesting entertainment was given last Tuesday evening in St. George's schoolhouse by the pupils of the Kilburn sisters. The cantata Little Red Riding Hood was sung sweetly by a number of little girls, who wore suitable costumes for the different characters. The House That Jack Built was recited in French by some wee children in an accurate and delightful manner. The different drills were gracefully performed, particularly some movements in the ring drill. The large wooden rings used for this were entwined with tinted ribbons to correspond with the sashes worn by the little girls, and the dainty white frocks made this drill a charming picture. I am sorry at not being able to give more details, but space will not permit. The large audience enjoyed the programme, which reflected credit on the tuition these pupils receive.

Major and Mrs. Foster left Toronto on Tuesday to spend the winter in the West Indies.

Mr. C. Wilmot of Newcastle was in town recently.

Mr. H. H. Brooks of Peterboro' was in town this week.

Mr. James Irvine of Peterboro' was in the city lately.

Miss Birdie Armitage of Fergus has been visiting Mrs. Hay of Brunswick ave

Miss Norma Reynolds and Master Eddie Reburn sang at a concert last Thursday at Shelburne.

Miss Kingsmill of Galt was in the city for a brief visit lately.

Mr. D. McMillan of London was in town last Tuesday.

On Friday evening of last week Mr. W. Mulock, M. A., Q. C., M. P., vice-chancellor of the University of Toronto, gave a dinner party to Prof. Mavor, the new incumbent of the chair of Political Economy, and there were also present: Prof. Alfred Baker, M. A., Prof. William Dale, M. A., Prof. R. Ramsay Wright, M. A., B. Sc., and Prof. James Gibson Hume, M. A., Ph.D.

The annual meeting and opening of the New Home for Aged Women took place last week. Among those present were: Rev. Septimus Jones, Mr. and Mrs. M. Clarke, Dr. Potts, Dr. Johnston, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Mrs. Ewart, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Eby, Mrs. Pattullo, Mrs. Geo. Scott, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Miss Nairn, Mrs. Ogden, Mrs. Woods, the Misses Bault and Graham, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Richardson, Dr. Scadding, Miss Gunther, Mrs. Wishart and others.

Among the many fine pictures by noted artists which were to be seen in King street west near Bay, is Moonlight, by Mr. J. E. Atkinson. *On dit* that this work has probably never been surpassed by any Canadian landscape artist in the last few years.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh have returned from their wedding trip and are settled in their new home, 672 Spadina avenue, where Mrs. Yeigh will receive on Thursday and Friday of next week.

The Fayre was brought to a successful close this day week by a capital concert and an auction of the unsold wares. Mrs. Herbert Mason was presented with a bouquet and many compliments by the management for her successful presidency. A few features which struck me on Saturday were the graceful appearance and dancing of Mr. Kew Williams, whose sailor's hornpipe was most beautifully danced in a fetching white sailor suit; the very eloquent recital of the Flag of England by Mr. Owen Smily, and the amusing antics of the Vale brothers, our own Mousie Fletcher and F. Hodgkinson. These two were very funny, as was also the faithful crier, Mr. Barker, who was the guiding star of the visitors to the merry scene. Mr. Vipond's work on the quaint Booke of ye Fayre was much appreciated. The editor of the *English Canadian* knows how to describe a Punch and Judy show. Mr. Walter Read also put thought and work into the Booke which will remind many for some time of the pretty and amusing feature of the Fayre.

The Sunnyside Boat Club gave a very pleasant dance on Wednesday last, the occasion of their annual ball. The committee spared no pains for the enjoyment of their guests, and all went most merrily at the club house. Among some of the costumes I noticed: Mrs. Lumley, red plush trimmed with orange ribbon; Miss Daisy Watson, pink silk and lace; Miss Annie Taylor, blue silk and flowers; Miss Laxton, pink silk; Miss Shaffer, black and heliotrope; Miss Ida Taylor, pink silk trimmed with lace; Miss Beatty, heliotrope and flowers; Miss McCormack, blue; Miss Murphy, cream; Miss Madge McCormack, orange trimmed with cream lace. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Burns, Mr. E. J. and Miss Hill, Mr. and Miss Small, Mr. James Woods, Mr. G. Stevenson, Mr. Carlyle.

Prof. Hugh McDiarmid, President of Bethany College, Bethany W. Va., who is engaged to give a course of four lectures in the Cecil street Church of Christ next week, is another Toronto man who has obtained honor and distinction in the United States. Ten years ago he left Toronto to become assistant editor of the *Christian Standard*, a paper of great influence and wide circulation amongst the Disciples. One year ago he gave up that position to accept the presidency of Bethany College, one of the oldest institutions of learning among that people. He is a gentleman of wide learning and his lectures should be popular.

The new Walmer road Baptist church was opened very auspiciously on the 7th inst. It is

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Our stock is now complete with all the latest Novelties in Gloves to match any costume.

R. & G.---CORSETS---P. & D.

Millinery Dressmaking

We are now prepared with our EXCLUSIVE styles for the Autumn.

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New Cloths
New Homespuns

WM. STITT & CO.

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SUCCESS WATER FILTER
Price $5 each. Every Filter fully warranted or sent on trial if desired
RICE LEWIS & SON (LIMITED)
King Street East TORONTO

Some Luxuries.

PERHAPS there is no toilette article which gives the wise virgin so much care in selection as her soap, nor one about which the foolish virgin is more careless. Cheap soaps are a delusion and a snare, disease and disfigurement wait upon their use, and the skin which might be soft and peachy is wrinkled, dried up and withered by biting alkalis and unclean grease. Lucky is the parsimonious fair one who has nothing worse to mourn than a prematurely used-up complexion, rather than scars and sores and other destroyers of beauty. Perfectly pure soap is harmless; pure soap in which certain beneficial herbs have been mingled is better, it is helpful. I have lately come across a delightful soap prepared by Madame Ireland, which answers the latter description and which I am glad to mention to my readers. Another pleasant adjunct to the bath is the fragrant almond meal, which takes the place of soap, and will be found a most charming substitute. It comes in a dredging box, and a small quantity sprinkled on the wash rag, sponge or hand is both grateful and cleansing, and leaves a faint, clean perfume on the skin, which is satin smooth after using the almond meal. For the face I like it very much.

•

Those correspondents whose envelopes I sometimes see daintily fastened with wax and a seal, will be taken with the pretty little taper holders of silver, wee fairy candlesticks, which some of our jewelers are providing for the Davenports of their fastidious customers. They are the prettiest little fancies imaginable and will make lovely Christmas presents for some fair dames.

•

Another pretty and useful toilette article is a silver hairpin box, which I noticed among the new fads at the Toronto Silver Plate Company. A design of a hairpin and the inscription, "The woman's friend," adorns the cover, and the unlovely hairpins are royally boxed indeed. I did not notice whether the interior was divided into compartments, but if not, it should be, for it is a nuisance to try and extricate an "invisible" hairpin from among her bigger sisters when one is in a hurry.

•

While I was talking of candlesticks I should have mentioned some of the new designs in parlor, dinner and piano lamps which I saw the other day in a lovely lamp room at Gowans, Kent & Co.'s. When a subdued light is desired, and a dainty and becoming shade can be used, the shirred gold-tinted silk and fine lace flounce, the brilliant scarlet or rich cardinal, with roses, deep and glowing, thrown over the shade, and frills of embroidered *chiffon* softening the outline, are very *chic* and popular. There is no end to the fancies and styles and shades of adornment. The handsomest lamps are mounted on onyx tables with brass supports. A quaint old bronze figure held one elegant shaded lamp, casting a faint-tinted mauve light through shirred silk and lace. Another was in antique silver with pale pink rose-crowned shade. In fact, one can have any sort of rich and costly conceit now in a lamp.

•

More Ottawa ladies are sending to the Queen City for pretty frocks. I saw a love of a dress ready for shipment one day last week. It was of almond brown bengaline (the shade of the almond kernel before blanching) and brown velvet of a deeper shade. The gored skirt had a band of velvet near the foot, edged top and bottom with narrow beaver fur, the top of the skirt hooked on to the bodice some way below the waistline and bordered with the fur; the bodice was open in front over a softly pleated *gilet* of pale blue surah, and was beautifully arranged to fall in full pleats of the fur-edged bengaline from neck to under arm seams in a sort of Spanish outline or Zouave style. A band of brown velvet, *applique* with pale blue and almond leaves, lightly threaded with silver, concealed the joining of the bodice and skirt across the front; full sleeves, *a la mode* and quite tight from elbow to wrist, and a neat little collar completed a very lovely gown, which will be admired by the cream of Ottawa society.

•

From Paris come conflicting rumors as to the mode to be followed in cloaks. To-day we have short capes to the waist, to-morrow tight-fitting coats with basques, and then again comes the report that Russian circulars alone will be regarded as truly smart. Circulars are sure to be extensively worn, and a beautiful example of this style of wrap is seen in one made to cover its wearer's dress completely from head to foot. It is made of woolen brocade, in a heliotrope ground, patterned with black and green. Around the shoulders is a deep cape of olive green velvet; box pleats of olive green velvet are set in both back and front in the center, while a pelerine of black lace falls about the neck. An opera cloak of light-colored plaid velvet is cut to fall perfectly straight, in circular fashion, and hangs in very full pleats down the back. After making a careful tour of the greatest importing establishments of New York city, the certainty has been reached that by this time next year overdresses will form a part of every modish costume. The tendency is all towards an increased fullness of skirt and upper draperies. The long straight lines that for the last few years have delighted every artistic eye, are being broken in a hundred different ways, each one potent of the trend towards more elaborate festooning and ornamentation. It is regrettable, of course, but fashion is never brusque in her movements, and we are sure of being led by easy stages during the next few seasons towards the derided and discarded overskirt.

LA MODE.

Thanks for information are due to Wm. Stitt and J. E. Ellis.

Evidence.

"Ah, how strange!" said Miss Precise as she walked through a cemetery. "I didn't know they buried people after cremation."

"Neither do they," said her escort.

"They must have in this case," said Miss Precise. "Don't you see it says 'Peace to his ashes' on the headstone?"

Rosedale.

For Saturday Night.

Around thy glades my fondest memories cling;
Thy beauty see I radiant as of yore;
In fancy stand I 'neath thy spreading boughs,
And joyful wander o'er thy hills once more.

I loved you always e'en when shadows fell,
And came the rain in its restless stream,
And wind-blown leaves drop sadly at my feet,
And here seemed all unknown the sun's bright beam.

Ah! then, in sad accordance with my heart,
I felt that even here were darker hours,
When gone the sun, came sorrow in its strength,
And all unhindered showed its mighty powers.

And did I love thee more in brighter hours
When, all the earth by spring decked out anew,
The young green leaves came timid peeping forth,
And overhead the sky was azure blue?

I scarcely know, for thou wert blended so
With all my life; a child I plucked the flowers
That grew in bright luxuriance in thy dales,
By heav'n's dews nurtured, and its gentle showers.

And then a youth, when life's delusive aims
Were crowding out thy peaceful calm and rest,
To thee I came to cool my fevered brain,
And hush my longings o'er thy well loved breast.

'Twas not in vain I came; for found I still
The peace that always seemed a part of thee,
And when again I mingled in life's broil
Thy tranquil picture carried I with me.

In manhood's day to thee shall I return?
Ah! this I know not, far from thee my lot;
But still in dreams, O Rosedale! see I thee,
And hover o'e with joy near thy loved spot.

'Tis autumn now; I fancy how thy leaves
Are gay, with crimson, gold and brilliant red;
The wind blows wildly through the bending trees;
And all around are signs that summer's fled.

Perhaps ere winter comes with sleet and snow
I may behold again thy front-tinged leaves,
That sight, at least once more, I long to see,
Ere gathered are by death my life's last sheaves.

HILLIARD GRAY.

The Usual Exception.

Whupper—They are awfully new people, Every thing they have is new.
Snapper—Except their manners.

Days and Days and Days

of close application are spent by us during our Annual trip to Europe in the selection of our **Diamonds.**

So many points have to be considered, viz., **Size, Color, Shape, Freedom from Flaws and Values.** For this work our practical experience of so many years stands us in good stead. We buy them **at first hand** from the polishers, hence the reason for **close prices**.

Mail orders receive personal attention.

Ryrie Bros.
Jewelers
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A KEG OF OUR PORTER
IS BETTER THAN
$1.50 A KEG
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28 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
For Steamship Tickets to All Parts of the World at Lowest Rates

S. W. Cor. Yonge and Queen

A RECENT decree of fashion gives prominence to silk velvets this season. In black and colorings they'll have a large lead for trimmings. Do you know we pin our faith a good deal on fashion's fancies? They usually magnetize, and so far as velvets are concerned, we've bought heavily in anticipation of the demand. Another circumstance also influenced us in the size of the purchase, viz, the price, and the shopper has her advantage in this.

Silk Velvets, black, 75c., $1 $1.50.
Silk Velvets, colored, 50c., 85c., $1, $1.25.
Plushes, 18 in. and 24 in., fine goods.

Velvets are found at the silk counters. New arrivals in silks this week in a line of moreen antique, bought at a remarkable sacrifice, enabling us to give a 32 in. silk, worth every cent of 65c., for 35c. And another lot, 22-in. satin stripe, regular dollar goods; our price 45c. The line is principally in evening shades.

China Silks, new colorings, 17½c.
Chinas, pure silk, every shade, 25c.
India Silks, new shades, 40c.
Shot Silks, 40c.

Order anything by letter.

R. SIMPSON
S. W. cor. Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. | Entrance Yonge Street. Entrance Queen Street.
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Queen Street West.

CANADIAN GIRLS HAVE Lovely Complexions!

But they are sensible enough to know that the raw autumn winds will have the worst effect upon the most delicate skins and make the dainty little nose all red and the dainty cheeks rough and burning unless protected by

Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Jasmine Kosmeo or Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream

Do not go about shocking your friends with those ugly moles and that *superfluous hair* when they can be permanently removed by Electrolysis without leaving scar.

We also have a nice remedy for those living at a distance.

A bright, attractive young lady pupil wanted for our business.

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191 and 334 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Thanksgiving is over. This means that Christmas, too, will soon be here, but it means much more than this. It means that every day from now on to that greatest event of the year both our stores will be filled with the finest goods at the most astonishingly close prices. To see read the following quotations:

Copper-bottom tea kettles, No. 9, 50c.; No. 8, 40c.; splendid, well made copper bottom No. 8 boiler, 99c., regular price $1 75. Elegantly painted and gold banded, strongly made coal scuttles, medium size, 19c.; large, 24c.; large, with funnel, 33c. Stove boards, 34c.

The Comet flour sifter, only 14c. Mrs. Potts' best polished irons, 65c.

Eddy's best tubs, three sizes, 55c., 64c. and 74c., worth 75c., $1, and $1 25.

Wooden bowls, 8c., 10c., 15c., etc., up to 45c. for a very large one.

Eddy's celebrated matches, 10c. per box; parlor, 5c., 3 boxes for 5c.

A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully warranted, only $2.69; three sizing brooms, best green broom (corn), 15c.; 6 oz. clothes pins, 5c.

Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fatherland boxes, 3 cakes 10c.; Gem bouquet, 5c.; Castile, 6c. cake; Wolfe's acme shoe polish, 19c.

Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.

Note paper, 7c. for 24 sheets; good square envelopes, 4c. per package.

No and of games—Halma, parchesi, "Go Bang!" Lotto, etc., from 44c. up to 85c., usually sold for from $1 to $1.50. Open evenings. Come and inspect our fine stock.

W. H. BENTLEY

PARK LIVERY
173 and 175 McCaul Street
Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
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E. G. GOODERHAM, President. JNO. C. GOOD, Sec.-Treas.
Sterling Silver and Electro Silver Plate
Artistic in Design and Guaranteed as to quality
MANUFACTURERS OF

"UNEQUALLED"
IS THE VERDICT
OF
All Those Who Have Used the
STANDARD
DRESS BONES
The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
Ask for Them
They are the Best
SOLD BY
All the Leading Retail Dry Goods Merchants Throughout the Dominion

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF THE Latest Novelties
ARTISTIC MILLINERY
AT FRENCH Millinery Emporium
63 King Street West
MRS. BLACK (Up stairs) Manager. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Fashionable Milliner
MISS PAYNTER
3 King St. East
FIRST FLAT
Ascend by Elevator

IZOD'S CORSETS
PATENT CORSETS Are the Best. Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process.
Medical Men recommends them for THE HEALTH.
Public opinion all over the world unanimous that they are unsurpassed for COMFORT, STYLE AND DURABILITY. SOLD IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. Name and Trade Mark, Anchor, on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Dealer for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of Drawings.
E. IZOD & SON.
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Manufactory: LANDPORT, HANTS.

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Has removed his Photographic Studio to
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Those who appreciate a sweet, delicate and delicious article of genuine French
Extracts for Handkerchiefs
Of many different odors at the reasonable prices of 50c., 75c., $1, $1.25 and $1.50, will find it at ARMAND'S, 441 Yonge Street.
OR FOR THE COMPLEXION
Toilet Vinegars and Toilet Waters at 50c., 75c. and $1.
VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP
Free from animal substances and microscopic impurities, as Lon Lalieve (juice of lettuce), Amande amer (bitter almond), Fleurs d' Asie (flower of Asia), de Ross (of roses), at 25c. a cake, or a box of 3 cakes at 65c.
Bitter Almond Shaving Soaps, Cosmetics, Brilliantines, Superfine Face Powders and Cold Creams, Rouges and Rose, Eyebrow Cosmetics, Tooth Powders, Pasts and Fluids. Tooth and Hair Brushes, *Ladies' Special Hair Brushes*, Hat and Cloth Brushes.
Manicure articles and necessaries of all kinds. Hair Dyes, Hair Colorings in all colors and shades
Largest and best assorted stock of Perfumery in Toronto is to be found at
J. TRANCLE-ARMAND & CO.
Importers and Dealers in Perfumery and Hair Goods
441 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St.
Telephone 2498 Toronto, Ont.

Ladies' Tailors
R. Score & Son
Novelties for Fall and Winter Gowns Coats and Wraps made from Shetland Homespuns and Other Materials
Moderate Prices

MISSES JOHNSTON & H JOHNSTON
Have now a full assortment of new Fall Goods. Original and Fascinating Toilettes, comprising
GOWNS, MANTLES, COATS AND MILLINERY
Can now be procured at
E. & H. JOHNSTON'S, 122 King Street West

MISS B. PATON DESIRES TO MAKE the announcement to her numerous friends and patrons that she is prepared to present for their considération the very latest English, French and American fashions. Parisian dinner and evening dresses, designed by L. Michau, medalist, and Dayou's Fils, editeurs of the Paris *Toilette Journal de Mode*. Tailor-made suits and riding habits a specialty. MISS PATON
E. Walker & Sons, King St. East

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REMINGTON
TYPEWRITER
Machines Rented. Operators Supplied
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GEO. BENGOUGH
10-12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.
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UNEQUALLED FOR ALL PURPOSES

A GALAXY
OF
Brilliant Ideas in Art Footwear
TO CHOOSE FROM, AT
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A LOVELY FACE
is in most cases produced by the aid of artistic hair dressing. The lovely fall styles for ladies' wear in new and prettier shapes in Bangs, Wavelets and Switches have been very much admired by all who visited Dorenwend's during the Fair. Ladies and gentlemen requiring Hair Goods Coverings should not miss seeing the magnificent selection. Ladies can have their hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, &c., on the premises by competent artists.
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Carpets in Newest Patterns at Lowest Prices
Proprietors of the Hygienic Carpet Cleaner
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TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

CRESSWELL'S NEWS.

Jeaters did not continue his way to Piccadilly that day. The name of Markham & Co., advertising agents, in Fleet street, destroyed all caring in him for the sight of wealth and fashion. Markham's office seemed too far progress, to bar his way to pleasanter reaims. That office made the whole core of London seem dangerous to him. How could he pass by that office? How could he leave it in his rear? It would be best to turn back and bury himself in Verdon and Fortham, where there was no threat of inquisitorial research.

He would give a great deal to be able to walk into Markham's and ascertain if any result had come of that advertisement. Perhaps the reason why it no longer appeared in the newspapers was because it had been satisfactorily answered! Idiot that he had been, to fancy that because it had not reappeared he was safe! Why, its very withdrawal, the thing which gave him such unreasoning delight, went to prove that "J. C." whoever he was, had got news of Pollie! And here he had been walking about in a fool's paradise, believing that because no enquiry had ceased enquiry had been unsatisfied!

He turned east once more, found his way to London Bridge Railway Terminus, and took the train to New Cross.

Mr. Manson, the auctioneer, was in his back office.

"I got the key and the authority for removal," said the auctioneer. "I have sent my man Digley for the things. By the way, although it was lucky and a saving of time that Digley met you yesterday, he acted very irregularly in entering the premises without invitation or even leave. However, he's an honest as the sun."

"Oh, that's all right," said Jeaters, with a pleasant smile and an off-hand gesture. "I was enjoying a siesta, and he awoke me out of an unpleasant dream, that is all the harm Digley did, if you can call that harm. Some doctors tell us we ought not in hot climate anyway to sleep in the middle of the day, and my experience yesterday leads me to think they are right. However, 'twasn't about that I called," said he with a laugh.

The auctioneer thought Jeaters improved on acquaintance. No doubt some of his strangeness of manner at their previous meeting was owing to shyness and the misery from which many people suffer when compelled for any reason to put their furniture in the hands of an auctioneer.

Jeaters went on pleasantly: "I called only to say that when you sent the key to Digley I should feel obliged if you would send it to Mr. Hilliers, secretary to the company, and when the things are sold you may send whatever you have for me to care of Mr. Hilliers. For some time my address will be uncertain."

"Oh, indeed! Are you going abroad?" the auctioneer asked at a venture and out of mere politeness.

"That would be hard for me to say. I am in a bother. I told you yesterday that I have a brother who might be expected to turn up in damaging circumstances any day. I am continually placed in the most awkward positions because of him, and yesterday when you said you saw my name in the papers I got a fearful start. I was sure he had been up to some disgraceful wickedness. I dare not leave off to call a who could answer to the description in the paper—I mean any woman. But the name being so unusual I thought it best to call at that advertising office in Fleet street. Well, there I learned that my wretched brother is again in some odious trouble. It appears he has been married some time. I did not know he had a wife until now. His unfortunate wife has left him under circumstances that are likely to land him in the divorce court. For all the world I wouldn't be mixed up in the least way with this dirty brother of mine, who hasn't as much chivalry as a pig. I am going to keep out of the way for a while, and I am sure, Mr. Manson, I shall have your sympathy and the sympathy of every respectable man in the country who knows my unfortunate connection with my wretched brother. Good-bye. You won't forget to send the key and the returns of the sale to Queen Victoria street."

Before Jeaters finished this account of his imaginary brother's troubles he had himself been completely carried away by the moving condition in which he represented himself. He was not in the least subject to delusions. But as he had a week ago that night in the little harbor under the great hall of the St. Vincent put himself out of mind and made his own case that of an imaginary man, so vividly did he represent that imaginary man to himself while he was reciting it, that with no conscious effort of playing a part his manner was that of the man on whom the imaginary brother had inflicted unmerited and unendurable injury.

When he found himself in the street once more, Jeaters took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He looked boldly, fearlessly round. He drew himself up as his full height and discovered that he could again take an interest in things around him. To the ordinary wayfarer New Cross is one of the dullest and most commonplace suburbs of London. There are many poorer, but few more depressing. It does not suggest any great economic or great social or moral questions to the visitor. It does not excite fear or hope or despair. It is a kind of no man's land with a railway depot as a dull and dingy squatter. Since the world began it is not likely any man free to choose his place of abode selected New Cross.

In Frank Jeaters' surroundings that October day in New Cross there was nothing to account for the look of triumph on his face, the manner of triumph in his carriage and gesture.

"That is the last act in the drama of my old life," said Jeaters to himself, as he walked towards Verdon. He supplied the sense of delivery and triumph from another play. I ring down the curtain on that dull old play, and from this forward I shall forget it. I have burned belonging to her. The clothes I wear are the only things I now possess which she has touched, and I shall get rid of them in a day or two. I shall never in all my life enter the St. Vincent again. It is absolutely impossible that if anything drifts ashore now it could be identified by a soul but myself, for there would be changes and the torn gown would be no guide to anyone but me. What an idiot I have been not to think of that before! If her name were known, or if the Wrothbeys or any other old friends of Hoxton saw what came ashore, no doubt they would recognize the face. But the falling of the sky would surely be a more commonplace occurrence compared with the chance of the Wrothbeys, or any of the Hoxton folk, being by when anything comes ashore. Yes, now I am ready for whatever the new life may have in store for me. The deluge has come and swept away everything and I alone survive, to begin a new earth in mine again, free and without stain."

Jeaters jumped on a tramcar going east, and having climbed to the top lit a cigar.

As he drew in the first whiff of smoke the last trace of his gloom vanished. He was assoilsized in his own mind and rejuvenated in his body. He had emerged from the land of gloom into which he would never look back. The—the follies—the folly of his youth, an unbecoming marriage was at an end, the glory of his manhood was at hand. He was free now to make a career, and he knew where to find one who would open the door to success, show him the way to victory and walk by his side in the progress.

The nature of the enterprise on which he was to engage had not yet been determined by him. But these great points in his career were settled; the man for a great career was anxious to set out; the man for the great career was now free to take the first step on the road to fame.

The tramcar on which Jeaters had got went no further than Verdon. He alighted within a few hundred yards of the great desolate, empty St. Vincent. His self-complacency and courage mounted high when he found he touched the ground of Verdon and climbed upon the Farham car without pang or quaver; with a much unconcerned air he would have changed omnibuses five years ago in Oxford Circus. He told himself that surely the man who could do this unmoved was a man fit to direct an army or govern a colony or lead a party in the House of Commons. His ambition was not so absurd as to betray him into fancying a career, for a million of thirty could be found in the regular British Army. But there were irregular forces in Africa anyway, and he had in him, unexercised up to this hour, the mysterious faculty of command and a genius for strategy. Only give him a chance and he would show the world what he could do.

At Farham he got down with the easy gravity of one who is of importance, who has great things to do by-and-by, and not morose or savage, but quiet and condescending while on furlough from the service of greatness.

Jeaters did not go straight to Muscovy place. No matter what line of life he might throw himself into later, tactics would form one of his weapons. Instinctively he was, of course, a fine tactician, but he might as well begin to employ tactics in small things, just to get the manner of their use.

He went into Cresswell's tobacco shop, not this time as a languid swell, but as an important man condescending to trivialities.

"Will you give me a full-flavored cigar, Cresswell? Thanks. A—ah! Good day to you."

"These are full and very nicely matured," said the purblind ugly man, handing Jeaters a box. "I have no news worth mentioning. Have you any?"

"Not a word. I have not been in the neighborhood for some time, and I thought you might have heard something interesting."

"Well, I may tell you I have heard something of the greatest interest, but you must not send it around."

"No! I have no friends in this neighborhood."

"Well," said Cresswell, getting close to Jeaters, "a friend has been in and he tells me as a secret that King Lear is gone queer."

"Eh! What's the matter with you, Cresswell?" cried Jeaters in astonishment.

"They say," whispered Cresswell dismally, "that King Lear is gone stale."

"Why, he's dead hundreds of years."

"That may be, but just now King Lear is gone queer, you know," said Cresswell, with gestures of his enormous hands begging Jeaters to be intelligent.

"Gone queer! Well, he died mad, of course."

"Of course, he did. But then what he did hundreds of years ago isn't much matter, is it? It's what's happening to-day that counts and they say he's gone queer and I have five quid on at five to nine."

"Oh, I understand," said Jeaters with a smile. "You are talking of a horse?"

"No, the favorite," said Cresswell, solemnly reproving his customer. It was horrible of this young man to suppose he would lay five to nine on anything but the favorite. It was heartless.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. But I have not been reading racing matters lately."

"I hope you haven't been ill!" He could not conceive how a man in health could get on without reading racing matters.

"No, but I have been busy. When I asked was there any news I meant any local news."

"Oh, I see. Well, not much, but yet a bit. The handsome girl over the way, Orr's daughter, is engaged to be married."

"Eh!" cried Jeaters, starting to his feet.

"Yes, engaged to be married to a young man named Crane. In her own way of business. Are you going? Good day."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. NATCHBROOK'S PATIENT.

The young woman who gave Mrs. Natchbrook her name as Pollie the night she was rescued from the Thames by Jim Natchbrook and George Sayers, lived through the night and towards morning began to gain ground. The recovery of her bodily health was slow and steady, but hour after hour she acquired strength. But her mental condition did not improve. She was silent. She volunteered no statement about herself, and when pressed by good-natured, but very rubicund Mrs. Natchbrook for particulars of her history she made vague and rambling answers, until the kind-hearted widow came to the conclusion that this delicate pretty young woman who called herself Pollie had got into the water when suffering from some form of mental aberration.

"I really don't know how I got into the water. I have had a great deal of trouble. I have been cruelly unhappy. I remember going to bed, and then all is blank or only a mist through which I can see nothing that I know, through which I see nothing of which I can make sense, until I found myself here."

"But your name, dear! If you would only tell me your name and where you lived I could find out your people, and then you would be all right. You see, even the mark was torn off your gown or there never was a mark on it," said Mrs. Natchbrook.

"I cannot," the young woman moaned. "I cannot give my name to you, for I have none. Until a little while ago I had a name and the confidence and happiest heart in all England, but now I have no name but Pollie and only a broken heart." She turned her face to the wall, and out of pity for the poor, young, desolate creature Mrs. Natchbrook forbore to press further.

"To-morrow—perhaps this evening—I shall be well enough again, and Pollie will then, after a while, but I shall never forget your goodness to me, a stranger, never."

"You shall stay here until you are quite well whether you like it or no, and then as much longer as you like. I can please myself in such matters. Jim, my son, is the best boy that ever were shoe leather, and he and I get on without a word or a difference and always have so got on. But I'm not dependent on him. I have got my own business and I have a little money in general way, my dear—tobacco and tea, and soap and newspapers and sweets, you know. I'm comfortable enough and I have taken a liking to you, and I'll see you come to no harm. So there, now, don't fret any more, and by and by you'll be quite well and strong again."

Mrs. Natchbrook did not sell any morning newspapers. Very few, if any morning papers are sold in by-streets in the Isle of Dogs. Men there are too busy in the mornings and too tired in the evenings for reading. When Mrs. Natchbrook spoke of papers she meant weekly ones, of which a great number find buyers on Saturdays and Sundays in such places. Her son Jim was no exception to the rule of not buying a daily paper. But generally during the dinner hour he glanced at one, and as there was a mystery about the young woman whose life he had saved, he watched the "agony column," and there saw the advertisement for Pollie Jeaters *nee* Stebbing.

It was too late when he got home from work to do anything in connection with the advertisement. But he and his mother agreed that the missing Pollie had been found by them, and they made up their minds in a little conference held in the shop that they would say nothing to the invalid above stairs until they were ready to bear down all opposition on her part to reconciliation with her husband, for they knew by her rings that she was married, and they deduced from her talk that the cause of all her unhappiness lay in some difference between her and her husband, "J. C.," now advertising for her.

Next day Mrs. Natchbrook set off for town, all in her very finest and best clothes, and armed with the advertisement from the "agony column" pasted down on a large sheet of white paper, for there was no knowing what notes and remarks and descriptions it would be necessary for her or somebody else to make in connection with the case. She had a vague notion that this expedition might bring her into a church or a court of justice before she was done with it. So out of a box in her bedroom she took a pocket handkerchief of great magnitude and unusuale uneleanness to her, and a bottle of lavender water out of stock in the perfumery department of her little shop. Then she went aboard the paddle steamer and arrived safely at Blackfriars Pier and from that walked to Markham & Co., Fleet street.

The result of her visit to Markham & Co.'s was small, out of all proportion to her preparations and hopes. A clerk told her they were authorized to give to anyone calling for name of John Crane, and the address Water lane, North Farham. This was all they could do, and of the advertisement or the advertiser they knew absolutely nothing more. The particulars he was in possession of the clerk wrote down on Mrs. Natchbrook's large sheet of paper beside the advertisement.

Mrs. Natchbrook turned away sadly disappointed and depressed. It wasn't worth putting on her bonnet, not to say all her best things, and taking her real lace handkerchief and opening a bottle of lavender water for such a result. She was filled with an indignant resentment at Fleet street as being too together in an infamous conspiracy against the poor young thing lying sick in bed at home. If an occurrence of this kind had taken place near her own door, anywhere in the Isle of Dogs where she had influence, Markham & Co. would hear more of it. But in teeming, busy, hurrying Fleet street she felt vexed that there was nothing for it but to make the best of her way home and see what could be done with the information she had gained.

On the steamboat going back she became more calm. Here it occurred to her that she had no reason at all to complain, since she had got the name and address of the man who knew something to Pollie's advantage. It was also satisfactory to reflect that though North Farham was a good step from Verdon, it was not they were both in the same direction, and while she was on her way home she was also lessening the distance between herself and John Crane.

One fact greatly damped the ardor of her anticipations. "John Crane" might be a very worthy man, but he could hardly be Pollie's husband, for no doubt Pollie had been living with her husband when she fell or threw herself or was thrown in the water, and the woman falling into the river at Water lane, North Farham, could ever be picked up alive at the Museum, Verdon.

Without taking off her things she went to where Pollie lay. She found the patient on her back, staring vacantly at the ceiling.

Mrs. Natchbrook took a chair at the foot of the bed and said, "You must know, my dear, that there was an advertisement in the paper yesterday for a woman from someone who had good news for her, and her maiden name was Stebbing and her married name Jeaters."

Pollie gradually took her eyes from the the ceiling and fixed them on the old woman. "Yes," she said, in a dry, hard whisper.

"Do you know anyone who could be advertising for you?"

"Yes, one. Only one," said Pollie, in the same dry, hard whisper. She raised herself on her elbow and was staring at the old woman as though the other had opened the door of Paradise and was holding the door open for her and bidding her enter.

"Then, of course, dear, if there's only one this must be the right one." Mrs. Natchbrook could not read what the clerk had written and was fumbling in her pocket for her glasses.

Pollie stole out of the bed at the other side and crept along the foot of the bed, holding by the rail until she could see the paper over Mrs. Natchbrook's shoulder.

Pollie read, "John Crane, Water lane, North Farham." Her hope, which was a terror, her hope that Frank, her Frank, was seeking her because he wanted her once more fell from her as a lamp falls from the hand of one just dead, and with a sigh she fell to the ground, moaning softly, "Save me, Frank."

Mrs. Natchbrook sprang to her feet, lifted the insensible girl from the floor and laid her on the bed. "This will not do at all," muttered the good woman. "I'll have her dying on my hands. Nice thing it would be for Jim to save her from drowning, and from murder most likely, by that desperate Sayers, and then for her to die in my care. This will not do at all. I'll send for the doctor, and go and see this man in Water lane."

When the doctor had seen the patient and said there was no immediate danger, Mrs. Natchbrook at once set off to North Farham.

She found John Crane at home, and upon saying she wanted to see him privately was led into the room beside the shop. Little, with many reiterations and great prolixity, she told him all the history of Pollie so far as she knew it. His astonishment and indignation were unbounded.

"I will go with you to her at once. Only that I am on the point of leaving the country on business which cannot possibly be postponed, I'd devote myself to clearing up this matter. It is more than likely my cousin may be safe all in me when I see her. At present I know only what you have told me. But of a few things I am quite sure, Mrs. Natchbrook—that Mrs. Jeaters will be well looked after while I am away, for I shall leave her in charge of Miss Orr, whom I am going to marry on my return, and that you have earned my gratitude, and that I shall never, never forget your kindness to the poor child."

"And where does your young lady live, Mr. Crane? For I have taken quite a liking to your cousin and should not like to lose sight of her altogether," said Mrs. Natchbrook, drying her eyes, for Crane's praises of herself had affected the good soul deeply.

"At Muscovy Place, in Furham, across the ferry," said Crane, as they set off for Mrs. Natchbrook's home.

Crane was greatly distressed at the condition in which he found Pollie. The last shock had prostrated her mentally and physically. Not with difficulty could he make her understand who he was. She would not give an account of herself beyond what she had told Mrs. Natchbrook.

Recognizing that it was injudicious and vain to press or distress her while in her present condition, he rose to go, saying he would see her again in the morning.

As he stood up she roused herself with an effort and whispered: "All you have been saying to me, Jack, sounds far away and as if it may be only a dream. But did you tell me you are going to take me to your place?"

"Yes, my dear," said he, too much moved to look long at her.

"Well, I have one request to make—only one—and then you may do with me what you please. You will grant this one request, won't you, Jack?"

"I will do all that I can to the utmost of my power and resources," said Crane, holding up his hand to give his words the solemnity of an oath.

"And I think you said you intend to leave me in charge of the girl you are going to marry!"

"Yes, Edith Orr."

"Well, neither you nor she, nor anybody else, will call me by my own name or his name again. Promise me this."

"That is easily promised. That is easily done. You shall as far as I can influence it, never hear yourself called by either name again."

"Thank you, Jack. Then if I live I should like to be known as Fannie Blackwood for the future, that is if there is any future."

"Very well, my dear. And, of course, there is going to be a long and pleasant future for you—much pleasanter, I should say, than a good deal of your past of late."

"Thank you, Jack. You always were kind to me. I am much obliged to you for your promise. I do not want to be reminded of the time I was happy when I was Pollie Stebbing and he was my sweetheart, and I do not want to be reminded of the time when I was Pollie Jeaters and his wife. Oh, Jack, it was too much happiness to last! He was never rough to me. He was always a gentleman to me, dear Jack, and I felt prouder of my handsome gentleman sweetheart than any words could tell, than he ever knew. Then suddenly, only a day or two ago, it came to me all at once that I had taken his love away from me, and then my life went out—just as a lamp goes out when there is no oil—and I was only a charred and blackened thing, not worthy to stand in the sight of my lord, for there was no flame of his love burning in me, and I was all unworthy clay."

"You were a thousand times too good for him. I am sure."

"Oh, no, not good enough, and I always knew it could not last, but I used to keep on saying 'He loves me to-day and he may love me to-morrow,' and that was enough for me. It was a great pride to feel for a handsome, clever, learned gentleman to love me."

"You must not say you were not good enough for him. You are good enough for anyone; and he must be a black-hearted hound."

"Oh, no, he is not. You would like him if you knew him. Everyone liked him. No one could help liking him, he was so fine and clever, and he sang so wonderfully that it made your heart full of beauty, until to hear him was to stand in heaven. And, Jack, you must not speak of him at all, good or bad."

"Very well, I shall be only too glad to forget him."

"I am not like other women in such a case. It would not make me wild to think he had given his love to some other woman, some woman more beautiful and clever than I. He took his love away from me, and then the light went out and all was dark, and when all is dark one cannot see. I think—no, I do not think, I know I hope that if he has given his love to another woman she is beautiful, more beautiful than I ever was."

"There, there, there! I will not hear another word in disprais of yourself or in praise of him," said Crane, who felt as if he should break down before this poor wreck speaking such pitious words of selfless love and loyalty and forgiveness.

"Is your sweetheart beautiful?"

"Very."

"Bring her to see me to-morrow when you come."

"I will."

"I want to love your sweetheart, Jack," said Pollie softly.

"You will. Everyone who knows Edie loves her," said he, as he opened the door to go.

"Just like my Frank," said she gently. "Everyone who knew my Frank loved him. But we are never to speak of him again, Jack. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

(To be Continued.)

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The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
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TEABERRY

Impaired digestion

Impaired digestion repaired by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Forbearance Ceased.

"See here!" yelled the wrathful man as he took off his hat and showed a head as bald as a campaign lie.

"Yes, I see," said the druggist. "Did you ever try my unparalleled capillary renovator!"

"That's just what I did," answered the bald-headed man in tones of wrath, "and here's the result."

The druggist mused a moment.

"It works that way sometimes," he said. "The hair grows so fast, you see, that it pushes itself out by the roots. Now, if you will only strengthen your scalp by using a few bottles of my scmeistical scalp balm—"

At this point they clinched.

Everything.

Mr. W. H. Holabird, general agent, Coronado Beach Co., San Diego, Cal., U. S. A., says: "I have used St. Jacobs Oil in my family for years, as well as in my kennels and stables, and it has never failed in a single instance to do everything that could be expected of it."

Profiting by an Opportunity.

Judge Smith, now a resident of Phœnix, Ariz., is visiting friends in the city. The judge was once a prosecuting lawyer in the little town of Quitman, Miss. On one occasion he was defending a case before Judge Buck Hancock. During the trial Judge Smith had occasion to frequently go out of the court-room. Judge Hancock finally got tired of the delay in the case caused by Smith's absence and reprimanded him. Finally Smith came into the room with his hat on. The judge saw his opportunity and called out:

"Mr. Smith, I fine you $50 for contempt of court."

"Very well, your Honor," was the reply; "I'll pay it to-morrow."

The case went on. The next day Hancock was in a better humor, and, desiring to go out for a moment, called Judge Smith to the bench. After Judge Hancock had left the room the acting justice turned to the clerk and said:

"The fine against Mr. Smith yesterday for contempt of court is remitted." And so it was. It was never collected.

Some Curiosities in Opinion.

The vagaries and the discordances in human belief and practice constitute an interesting chapter in human history. The conflicts in opinion are doubtless somewhat like the agitations of the ocean—nature's means of maintaining conservatism, and for the prevention of stagnation and corruption.

One of the rarest things in the world is two people whose opinion—whose creed and whose practices—coincide in all features. It is much easier to find two faces and two figures identical in appearance. Diversity and contrariety seem to be well established laws and conditions in the human family. There is no standard or type to which the Caucasian especially conforms in all particulars. A and B may agree precisely in everything else, yet they may differ widely in religious matters. C and D may fraternize fully on ninety nine points, yet go to war or to law about another. We have seen Miss E turn up her nose in horror and disgust at what Miss F thought was in perfectly good taste and in the height of fashion.

The creed and the colt—the fashion and the fotible—the taste and the talk of more than half the world are, strange to say, but the development and expression of human opinion. What is truth and beauty and style in one may be the reverse, may be error and abomination in someone else. What is happiness in one class may be misery in another; what is sweet to one may be bitter and repulsive to others; what is life to this may be death to that. Nature—or Providence—in her wise adaptations—has endowed the human family with such variety, such dissimilar perceptions and tastes or ideas, that there is found an ideal for each and every eye and every fancy and every heart under the sun.

Some people nurse their individual opinions in very defiance of the rest of mankind. Conspicuous historic examples are abundant. We are told that the great philosopher Diogenes lived in a tub. Alexander in the splendor of his fame sought to pay him court, yet the only favor asked by the philosopher was the absence of the warrior—Diogenes simply requested the intruder to get out of his sight. Perhaps, after all, this bit of so-called history may be but an allegory or parable. None of us like to have our views, our opinions, obstructed even by great men. The incident is classed as a mere parable—just as we place the one which is given in the life of another great man who is said to have actually "hurled his inkstand at the devil" when the satanic majesty had appeared to him. Luther simply fought the evil spirit with ink and pen.

Dr. Johnson in all his greatness defied the world of fashion and opinion, living the life of a sloven. Dr. Franklin was like the Englishman in some respects; and he appeared to be fond of imitating him in others; for he persisted in wearing a shaggy, shabby old cap, even among the savants and crowned heads of the old world, when he was the United States Minister at the court of France. Every school boy has heard how Nero defied public opinion, living in riot and revelry when the souls of his countrymen were in woe and blood. Napoleon rubbed his hands over burning Moscow, saying "This is comfortable;" half a million soldiers were at the same time treading the doom of death in the hurtful flames.

It was the conflict of opinion which gave birth to the maxim that "where ignorance is bliss it is folly to be wise." Correspondence and taste—even these frequently depend upon the mental standpoint of the individual sitting in the judgment seat.

Time was—and this, too, in modern ages—when no one was considered a scholar unless he could discourse in Greek; and in one age of the world red eyes were the highest type of beauty. In China now the greatest beauty is the one with the smallest feet. In Peru a lady is not considered dressed unless her face is hidden. A dozen different tailors will sustain conflicting opinions touching both diagnosis and remedy in a sick patient. A story is told of a certain artisan who was designing so simple a thing as an ax-helve. Seven different people who professed to know what was the correct thing advised him to make it in seven different ways. He followed no one's advice, but made a perfect helve—this according to his own opinion.

In the greater concerns of life there are wonderful illustrations of the conflicts of opinion. There are something over 1,200,000,000 of human beings in the world. Among them are six varieties of religious beliefs; three of these are said by one class to be false; and by others three are said to be the true religion. And yet every religionist, every sectarian, claims that he and his alone are right. What our Chinese neighbors say is "true," we say is "false." We call them "heathens"—they class us as "outside barbarians." What we English speaking people think is the right and the true religion is in a startling minority in human form of religious creed—for there are only some 350,000,000 Christians in all the world. There are some 6,000,000 Jews, and they have clung with singular persistency in all ages to their religious belief; it is seldom a Jew renounces his faith; it is seldom that a Christian embraces Judaism. There are more than 400,000,000 people who are pagans and Mohammedans.

Among the Christians there are about 200 different sects, and there are 500 sects among other religionists, and each sectarian has an opinion that fixes him in his creed; he believes he is right.

Another curiosity in human belief refers to the form of civil government, though it cannot be said that all people living under a particular form of government are a unit in opinion as to the perfection of that government.

Saved from a War-times Sawbones.

"The most terrible exhibition of barbaric cruelty I witnessed during the war occurred at Richmond, Ky.," said Capt. J. E. Elgin of Louisville. "I was with the gallant John Morgan, and more's the pity that the brutality I refer to was perpetrated by one of our men. He was a young surgeon, just out of a medical college, and his blood was aflame with ardor for the Confederacy. When the battle was ended I was placed in charge of one of the hospital corps. We were going over the field, ministering to the dead and dying, and my attention was attracted by the piteous wails of a man close to the line of the Federal intrenchments. There was such a distressful pathos in his cries that I hurried to him. When I got close enough to distinguish his words I heard plead: 'For God's sake, doctor, kill me! Don't cut my legs off and leave me a cripple.

"At a glance I saw what was going on. The pleading man was a Union soldier with only a slight flesh wound in the thigh of the right leg, which disabled him temporarily only. His tormentor was the enthusiastic young surgeon who had just joined our command. The juvenile reprobate had deliberately bound the poor devil to a log, and was leisurely preparing to saw off his left leg for no other reason in the world than that he wanted to disable the soldier for further service during the war. He had stripped the man's leg bare to the thigh, tied a string tightly around it several inches above the knee, and had marked off with the point of his knife a streak around the leg where he intended to make the amputation. My duty was plain. At first I thought to shoot the inhuman monster down in his tracks, but I realized that his punishment would be sufficiently severe when John Morgan and Basil Duke learned of his offence, so I placed him under arrest, marched him up before those men, and told them what I had prevented him doing. He was promptly placed in chains, a court-martial soon tried him and sentenced him to be shot. Sufficient influence was brought to bear, however, to save his life, though he was cashiered from the army.

"By some means he made his way North, began the practice of medicine at Reading, Pa., and to-day is the rankest hater of the South, perhaps, in the State of Pennsylvania."

Saved by Pure Nerve.

"About two weeks ago I was camping with a party on the shore of Lake Erie, not far from Ashtabula," said George Wilson.

"Shortly after we had returned one evening, I heard a peculiar whirring sound, which I recognized at once. 'There is a rattlesnake in camp!' I exclaimed. 'I am going to get up.' 'Hush!' came the word, slowly hissed through the teeth, from a companion near me. 'The snake has crawled into my shirt bosom.' This was said very softly, and we were almost paralyzed with fright at the prospect. We were afraid to stir for fear the reptile would take alarm and strike its victim. It crawled over his body good-naturedly, evidently enjoying the warmth, for the night was a little raw.

"At times the snake's head was close to his face, and he told us afterward he feared the motion of his chest up and down in breathing would stir up the reptile, and he tried hard to breathe as little as possible. Finally the snake crawled toward the fire, and in an instant the whole camp was up. One seized a club and broke the reptile's back before it could make a spring. It measured nearly five feet.

"The man who had the terrible experience collapsed like a rag after it was over. During the ordeal we were all surprised at the coolness and nerve he displayed. With all danger passed he fell into a faint, but he soon revived."

Welsh Names.

A correspondent sends this clipping from a newspaper published in this city, and asks if it is true:

"One of our Welsh sailors being asked what was his name and where he was born, took his time about it and wrote truthfully as follows: Robert Jones, born at Llanfairpwllgwyngullgogerychwyrndrobwllsantdisiliogogogoch, Anglesea, North Wales.

Undoubtedly it is true so far as the sailor's name goes. Nearly all Welsh people are named Jones. A friend who recently traveled through Wales found whole villages of Joneses and church yards full of tombstones with not another surname but Jones on them. The name of that place in the neighborhood of Anglesea seems to be good enough Welsh up to a certain point, but it then drops into a mixture of Patagonian and Choctaw. Nearly all the names of villages in Wales begin with the syllable Llan, which means saint in Welsh. It is done, there must have been an appalling number of Welsh saints. But by far the greater part of these village names are simple, easy words, like the following, which are genuine names and to be found on any good map of Wales:

Llanrhyddlad,
Llanrhwydrys,
Llangwyllog,
Llangachwladyr,
Llandisilliogoo,
Llanbwchallan,
Llanbwdarnfynydd,
Llangynyw.

The listener once knew some excellent Welsh people who insisted that no language in the world is so free from hard words as Welsh. They cited the word cwrw as proof of the falsity of the notion that Welsh words are unpronounceable. This fascinating word is pronounced exactly as if it were spelled kooroo, and it means beer. To hear a Welshman pronounce that word is enough to make one's mouth water. You might remain insensible to the temptations of mere beer; but an invitation to take a glass of kooroo, otherwise cwrw, is irresistible.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Entirely in the Company's Hands.

It was just after the first sickening crash of the collision, and the air was filled with shrieks and groans, mingled with the hiss of escaping steam.

The dark, sinister man with the smooth face lay motionless where the shock had thrown him. Around him were scattered broken timbers and twisted iron rods, but by a seeming miracle the *debris* had not fallen upon him and his limbs were free.

"He's dead," sadly whispered the rescuer who was first at his side.

The lips of the dark, sinister man moved.

"Not by a jugful," he observed audibly.

The rescuer hastened forward.

"Are you hurt?" he anxiously enquired.

"Nope."

The dark man was positive.

"Not a scratch," he declared.

The rescuer was unable to repress an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, why don't you get out of the wreck?"

The sinister man gazed at the twinkling stars above him.

"I just shout know my business," he calmly replied. "I've been in collisions before. I'll stay right here where they threw me until I am moved. Then perhaps——"

A faint smile played about his lips.

"The company can't work the contributory negligence racket on me when I sue for damages. Oh, no, I don't object to your carrying me if you like, but I call on you to witness that I take no active part in the process myself. I know my business."

And the man with the sinister face laughed a hard, metallic laugh.

Breaking it Gently.

"Is it all right, doctor?"

"Splendid, Jumbie! Allow me to congratulate you."

"Is it a—a boy?"

"The picture of his pop."

"Doctor, this is the happiest moment of my life. It's selfishness on my part, though—for Louisa yearned for a daughter so fondly."

"In that case, Jumbie, she won't be disappointed."

"Didn't you say it was a boy, doctor?"

"The picture of his pop."

"But Louisa wanted a girl."

"In that case, Jumbie, as I said before, she won't be disappointed, for heaven has more than gratified her desire."

"Do I understand you, doctor—is it twins?"

"You said you wanted a boy, did you not?"

"I did, doctor."

"And your wife wanted a girl?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Well, then, my man, rest easily. Heaven has answered the prayers of both."

"Then it's twins!"

"But in favoring you, Jumbie, heaven has doubly favored your wife."

"And it's twins!"

"No, Jumbie, not exactly. You see——"

"Great Cæsar, doctor, you mystify me! Relieve me of this anxiety, for pity's sake. What is it?"

"Triplets."—*Puck.*

They Agreed on Tipperusalem.

The Brandon *Buckaaue* says of Tipperusalem City, Oklahoma: "It was founded last year by Timothy F. Grady and Col. H. M. Kaufmann, upon whose holdings it was built. Now, Mr. Tim Grady is a steadfast Irishman, while Col. Kaufmann is proud of an ancestor which followed Moses to the promised land. Mr. Grady wanted to call the city after his old home—Tipperary. Col. Kaufmann was equally anxious to name it Jerusalem. A squabble resulted, and for a time it seemed as though the town was going to be divided into two distinct municipalities. Finally, however, a settlement was affected. Young Pat Grady fell in love with Rebecca Kaufmann, and through their interference the old men shook hands and agreed to compromise matters by calling the place "Tipperusalem." Thus it will remain until some fool ordinance people come along and change it."

One Consolation.

Willie—Doan' yo' know, Miss Caprin, our race is suttinly blessed in won mannah.

Miss Caprin—How's dat, honey?

Willie—Why, ef enny ob us ebber gits caught lak Absolum dey'll be no dangah ob us hangin' lak he dun; dat's suttin."

A Bad Outlook for a Chicken Dinner.

Deacon Watson.—Doan' yo' t'ink it crule ter keep dat dog chained up all de time?
Farmer Smithers.—Oh, I let him loose at night!

Saved by a War-time Sawbones.

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"Leading physicians in this city prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its healing qualities."—A. L. Almond, M. D., Druggist, Liberty, Va.

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"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Dewesee, Neb.

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Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's valuable time in asking questions and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

C. E. S. Gu.—Writing too unformed for delineation.

Haze. Lynchburg.—Your letter is a puzzling thing to me, as by Bulwer Lytton. You can get it for twenty cents.

Manitoba.—1. This is a strong, bright and able nature; tenacious of its opinions, erratic and strong in feeling, independent in thought, ambitious and optimistic, with good self-esteem, determined will and rather a faculty for falling on his feet.

Sunbeam's Little Woman and Japonica.—In the face of Rule 3, you each calmly send quotations, and I only find one coupon. Perhaps is sufficient excuse for the infraction for a good study, but to which does the coupon belong? Send another coupon and proper study and I will answer as usual.

Dennis.—You are somewhat imaginative, with high ideals and very constant affections, are averse to change, fond of sympathy and rather lacking in judgment, but upright and just. You are careful and discreet, decidedly independent in action, and fond of your own way. Some culture and much will power.

Acacia.—This is a self-willed and difficult disposition, undecided and determined by turns, open and frank, lacking grace and self-control, and well at times with the sense of fun. Sympathies are narrow and opinions firm, care and order deficient; at the same time there is much pride and honor are shown, and some ambition for high ends.

Autumn Leaf.—I don't think, my dear, that you need have taken the trouble to state that the writer of your study was a girl. That confesses itself. The writing is far too crude and unformed to give you a nice study, and you could not like it nor would it be fair to you for me to twist characteristics from your wavering lines.

Flair Jane.—1. I cannot place your quotation. 2. You are rather easily going and yielding in disposition, somewhat cautious, rather sensible, liking variety and though reasonably consistent, impatient of delay. You could not be selfish, but might be careless; have some ideality, little invention or originality, and are wanting in tact and management.

A. B. Ford.—You have biggish and peculiar ambitions, very excellent temper, some sympathetic love of beauty, adaptability, humor and rather a desire to rise. You are fond of practical thing, warm in affection, conscious of your rights and of very just and candid judgment. The backhand you first note is also otherwise fine study. You are also rather systematic and orderly.

Ex. B. N. A. A.—I quite remember the letter without the coupon, of a year ago. It's second with coupon came about six months ago, and reached me, it has certainly been answered. I go almost invariably by date, and each letter has been dated and filed. Some dates lost in would be some time later than the one you enquire about, and comes in the proper sequence. Your letter has been answered; if not, send another study for immediate reply.

C. S.—One of the cleverest lawyers of his time had neither name nor surnamelike Arthur Hallam. Why do you say to that? I see by your study that you have not had the culture necessary to your advancement, but that you have ideality and taste, and are much concerned interested in your letter and quite understand your aspirations and ambitions. I should have answered you at once, but your letter arrived when I was in the hurry I see it to-day for the first time.

Humble Rose.—Your very eloquent writing shows care and facility, ease and method, sympathy, intuitive perception, good judgment, rather a neat and well ordered mind, and rather a good deal of ambition, a little too much and rather a trying lack of optimism. Although you are far from mediocrity, you seem to lack ambition and to have a tendency to despondency. This does not in your case prove a weakness; you are strong and cautious, but you go walking where you might dance.

McTurk.—I have lately delineated a writing so precisely like this that I hope I am not making a study twice over. As it is a new *nom de plume* perhaps it is only a coincidence. This study shows generosity, some energy, perseverance, intuitive perception, self indulgence, ambition, and original thought. The writing is careful, but not very systematic, and lacks finish and completeness, has moods and can be very obstinate, but does not often take the trouble. A fine study, with large possibilities.

Carlotta.—1. Your writing is fair and legible; don't go too flourishing, though. 2. A girl is at age at eighteen in some places, in others at twenty-one. I mean in this country. 3. It depends on what they are made of—wood, lace or metal, and I know which you mean. 4. I think she might be better employed when she only indulges occasionally. 5. Individually, I think it is a fool. 6. Your writing shows hope, love of fun, some mischief, perseverance, practical notions, undue self-assertion, and a love of fun and kindly sympathy that should make you very charming.

Prudence Zoma.—Extreme ideality, strong feeling, almost no self-esteem, considerable caution, some tenacity, decided temper, very strong wish to do your best in all undertakings, and fair intuitive power, decided affection and an original, impatient and nervous disposition, liable to do good work, but needing sympathy. You are not hopeful enough, and feel life too hard. 2. You have talent and more than realized. Everything was lovely on the day you wrote, especially. A week is nothing for the dear place you mention. A month only gives one a taste for a longer stay.

Dickens' Father.—A funny coincidence happened just before I read your letter; some one had just asked me which of Dickens' characters I preferred, and I said at once Esther Summerson in Bleak House. So glad you like her too, she's a charming woman. You might as well take all of Dickens' Works while you are about it. I gave an answer to your question in last week's column which I dare say you saw. Some of Black's novels are pleasant reading. If you like the sea, Clark Russell's work pleases you. God and the Man, by Buchanan, is a powerful story. Your writing is so unformed, I don't think a study of it would please you. It promises excellently.

F. Hundall.—1. I wasn't aware of it, my friend, but am delighted to hear of the fact. 2 Your writing is so very conventional that I cannot quite make up my mind about it, and I think it is too formal to be a true index of your character. There are hundreds of business college students who copy that same style. I might as well draw a delineation from the head-line of a copybook. However, I have lately experienced a nice sympathy to admit the excellence of your copy. Did you also copy the matter of your letter? If not, it shows a cuteness which you have succeeded in disguising in your writing. Mind, don't think I am criticising your character unfavorably; it is a delightful business hand, but lacks character.

Nellie Essex.—1. It is quite proper for unmarried girls to give a five o'clock tea to other unmarried girls. Married matrons are not admitted, however. I never saw a letter ten than a "hen" gathering of this description. The talk beats an organ grinder hollow, and the plotter do have much fun. You see away off in some of your ideas of the Maid of the Mist. She is quite proper (for a maid), but not ancient (for a matron). In other respects I think you hit her 1 2 You are bright and impulsive, refined and capable of making people enjoying a joke; somewhat addicted with yourself and tenacious, with charming tact, love of social intercourse, slightly willful, very affectionate, but not given to indiscriminate affection. A womanly woman, truly, and rather clever, too.

Anxious.—1. I don't know why you insist on the Correspondence Editor being a spinster. Your letter was interesting as a study of how far you could gracefully diverge from veracity. Do I believe it? I'm afraid not! 2 It seems to me that there is no fault necessarily in such cases. It is good sense to have, and so you would like to know how to modestly secure a partner with which (?) to end your days. Well, get a marriage license, a revolver and a dog, and go abroad at six o'clock. There are scores of timid men whom you might secure before they knew where they were. 3. You are rather impulsive, very grateful, fond of fun, adaptable, and reasonably good-natured; a certain whimsical humor is in your line, also discretion and buoyancy. You have artistic taste, independent thought, some sympathy and not much patience.

Reader.—1. You can get W. D. Howells' novels through any bookseller. Write to Mr. McKenzie, Yonge street, Toronto. I believe they are published by Harper's. 2. I cannot answer your question decidedly unless I know the exact circumstances. In general, I don't think it is just the thing for a young lady to send forward to a young gentleman who is her in an office all day, even though she gets them from her father's conservatory. In some offices she would be considered rather cheeky for doing so. If the young man can't come and get them, I think it would let him go without, and, by the way, does the young lady tell her father where his posies go? You are such a sensible girl (so your writing tells me) that you will quite understand. Lytton is very innocent and Lytton always a wise one. 3. You are amiable, impulsive, somewhat confiding, quite unselfish and though your judgment is sometimes faulty and you are very green are apt to be sense, I think you are a person to be greatly liked. A slight turn of humor shows in your writing, and an optimistic tendency. You like the beaten track of conventionality better than the rough road of enterprise.

It May be Interesting to Know

That when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be well to consider this subject in advance of actual time of starting, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. has issued maps and time tables and other instructive reading matter, which it will be glad to furnish free of expense upon application by postal card addressed to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., or to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.

The Color Line.

Young Mother—What do you think of the baby, Uncle Jackson?

Uncle Jackson—Lor' sakes, Mis' May! It's de putiest little baby—ter be a w'ite baby—ev'r I did see!

In Lexicographic Shades.

Boswell—I find that I have omitted to make a note of your very felicitous definition of a picnic. Will you repeat it by request?

The Doctor—Sir, with pleasure. A picnic is the cupidity of several, and the misery of all.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

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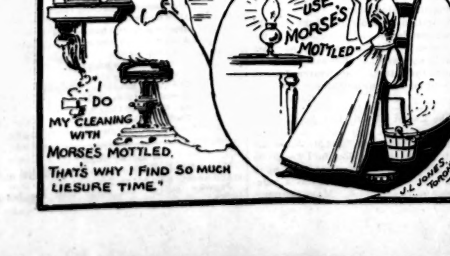

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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The Drama.

JOSEPHINE, Empress of the French, is a character peculiarly suited to the gifted Rhea. The devotion of the wife who agrees to divorce from Napoleon so that he may marry again and leave an heir to the throne of France—a devotion that prompts this sacrifice more bitter than death, and enables the woman to glory in the news that her successor has been blessed as heaven has refused to bless her—was depicted with great effectiveness. And her fury was fine when the intelligence reached her that the man of destiny had been banished to Elba. How she did rail, with a woman's unreason, against the marshalls of France who neglected an opportunity to die in arms in defence of the Emperor, and against the cold Marie Louise, who could comfortably return to Vienna while her lord languished in exile. Rhea is great. But is it not a hopeless thing to pretend to place Napoleon on a stage? It might be done by a matchless dramatist and a matchless actor, but the writer of Josephine and W. S. Hart have both failed, in my opinion, one no less than the other. The author gave to his Napoleon expressions and sentiments that never belonged to the Napoleon of history; and Hart, who has apparently read up history along with his lines, has tried to adhere to the latter while being true to his conception of the great historical figure. The result is a hybrid Napoleon, satisfactory neither from an artistic nor an historical point of view. There should not be a tall Napoleon on the stage any more than there should be a corpulent Shylock or a puny Othello. Hart's stature is, therefore, a bar to his giving an historically true representation of Napoleon. The author is also untrue to history in making the Emperor appear little better than a tool of Talleyrand's. The play would lead one to suppose that the wily diplomatist by his artifices had seduced the unwilling mind of the Emperor into the plan of putting Josephine aside, whereas it is well known that Talleyrand but perceived and acted upon the absorbing thought of his master. That statesman whose statecraft made up a wonderfully woven fabric of deceit and lies, that genius of the most despicable parts, that great man with such absurd vanity, belonged soul and body to Napoleon in his ascendency as he belonged to other masters before and after him. He was endowed with the gift of mind-reading and worked for what his successive masters wished, not for what they professed to desire. Talleyrand left his memoirs to be published a certain number of years after his death, ostensibly because they contained valuable information that would discredit prominent people; and when the period elapsed his executors decided to postpone the publication for another twenty-five years as persons concerned were still alive. And now the second period has elapsed and the memoirs are out, but critics fail to find anything so startling as to require these dramatic postponements. So great was the vanity of this singular man, that it may reasonably be concluded that he provided that a generation should go by ere his book came out in order that he might cut a theatrical figure in the eyes of posterity; and so great was his duplicity that he probably secretly instructed his executors to make a second postponement when the first period had elapsed. To a man of his habits the straightforward choice of a date would be impossible, and by secretly arranging for a second postponement he purposed keeping two generations on the *qui vive* with regard to him. If he named the first period, the book might come out and he have been forgotten by this time; if he had named this year, people living and dying in the interval might not have been sufficiently attracted to so great a man of the past. There has been so much funny business about the publication of his memoirs that a word on the subject is not amiss, and to me it seems not improbable that he personally planned the whole effective arrangement.

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Napoleon claimed absolute authority to dispose of his brothers and sisters in marriage as he saw fit, going the length of annulling the marriage of Jerome Bonaparte to Miss Patterson, an American lady, and afterwards forcing him to marry Princess Catharine, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. He also forced his brother Louis to marry Hortense Beauharnais, much to the disgust of the latter. All through Napoleon displayed himself as one who regarded the marriage altar as a prop to his greatness, and a previous marriage was not permitted to interfere with one of his plans. His desire for an heir was strong, but strong too was his desire to mingle Bonaparte blood with that of the royal house of Hapsburg. He it was who devised the plan for divorcing Josephine. He married her while half way up the ladder; she was a schemer and a great aid to him, but the moment he found her to be an impediment he cast her off. There is not much poetry in the real facts of that divorce—it was the fruits of cold calculation. Josephine kept her head upon her shoulders by her amiable abandonment of her position, and Napoleon had not a bit of bothersome sentiment in his character. The dramatist is untrue in allowing sentiment to crop out where political expediency alone existed. It is quite permissible for him to throw a false glamor around the somewhat earthly Josephine. She is a continually lessening figure in the history of her time, but Napoleon should be treated faithfully, for the stage cannot idealize his character if it would. But I am getting wordy. The play, Josephine, abounds in effective scenes, notably the outburst of Murat, "the thunderbolt of war." Various members of the cast acquitted themselves creditably in the three pieces put on during the week, but Rhea far outclasses them all. Space forbids a discussion of individual work or of the other dramas presented.

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A Temperance Town, which has been running this week at the Academy of Music, is a satire on the prohibitionists. Hoyt, the author, claims that he has been absolutely fair to all sides—to the teetotalers, the moderate drinkers and the drunkards. There is a great deal of truth in his portrayal of the various characters concerned in advancing and opposing prohibition in a small community. At the same time the prohibitionists get the worst of it, as they deserve to do in the particular circumstances in which the play is set. Those shoving the cause of prohibition are the local druggist, who aims to make money by dispensing liquor himself for purely medicinal purposes, of course; the local doctor, who is in it with the druggist and will make profits by prescribing liquor at so much a prescription, and the village clergyman, who is sincere in regarding liquor as the curse of mankind. Squire Belcher, a lawyer of great local repute, is with the other three until he reaches the conclusion that the druggist and the doctor are working for their pockets rather than for the public good. Then he turns about and in the law-suit defends Oakhurst, the hotelkeeper. The minister's daughter (Miss Elsie Lombard) is a fine character, who believes in total abstinence and does her best, with some success, to lead the people into proper habits. Her influence for good in this respect is represented as greater than that of her denunciatory father, who with all his goodness and zeal is too extreme to secure the sympathy of drinking men. There is a good deal in it. We all know men like Rev. Ernest Hardman. If the Almighty does not consign drunkards to eternal torture as they predict, they will sulk behind the throne forever and ever. Unless they can look out beyond the dazzling light of their heavenly home and see far below a seething lake wherein are floundering men who neglected to accept advice and to live as they prescribed, then, alas, it will only be half-bliss to them. Of course I do not myself believe what I am saying. A soul capable of such sentiment can never enter the great gates. But I do think that the earthly practices, the overbearing intolerance and the cold uncharitableness of many clergymen and others on this temperance question are such as to justify those who think that heaven will be spoiled for them unless they can get frequent personal views of the sputtering lake with their unbelieving neighbors writhing and tossing therein, and can hollow across the vast and boundless deep, "What did I tell you!" At the same time the whisky people of the play are somewhat idealized. There may be saloon-keepers like Oakhurst, but for one of him there are a thousand considerably less deserving of good-will. Long-suffering saints do not take to whisky selling as a rule. The saloon and the fluid dispensed in it do enormous injury to men and to trade. That cannot be glossed over or denied even by the worst of topers. The fault my decent man can find in temperance movements is not in the ostensible object, but in the method of its attainment. The most active ones are either grinding axes like the druggist and doctor of Temperance Town or are unreasonable extremists like the minister, ready to pronounce a curse upon all and any whose views differ in the least degree from theirs. The intended lesson of the play is that sincere men ought to study human nature so that they can meet upon sympathetic ground those whom they would benefit; that they should study human nature, too, so that they may escape being put to false uses by designing men, who by their hypocrisy are greater enemies to the cause than those who keep saloons, even.

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Temperance Town is put on by very good people, and may be pronounced one of the best attractions of its class brought to town this year. Like all of Hoyt's plays it has dash and vim from first to last. George Richards, as the town drunkard, is very funny and very true to life. We all know him, kind-hearted and worthless—ready to cut a hand off to oblige anybody, but he absolutely will not go to work. He would saw wood and pile stone to help a busy neighbor, but lets his wife cut the wood at home. Jones is almost as common as his name—more's the pity. George Ober, both as the oldest man in town and as the local magistrate, is capital, and makes a hit, several hits. Eugene Canfield as young Jones, William Cullington as Squire Belcher, W. H. Currie as Jack Worth, Richard J. Dillon as Rev. Ernest Hardman, and Miss Elsie Lombard as Ruth Hardman are all deserving of praise for their work in their various parts. The Academy has held good houses all week, but not as big as they might have been.

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The dual engagement of Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the Indian poetess-reciter, and Mr. Owen A. Smily, which will take place in Association Hall on November 28, will be of peculiar interest to patrons of elocutionary entertainments, as not only will all the selections be new, but all of Miss Johnson's and a number of Mr. Smily's readings will be original. Mr. Smily is himself a *litterateur* of some ability, his sketches in this paper and in London *Tit-Bits*, over the signature Uncle Artie, having been selected for recitation by other elocutionists than himself. Miss Johnson will appear in her new Indian costume.

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Ezra Kendall, who is coming to Jacobs & Sparrow's next week, is said to be very funny as an old countryman. It is related of Patti that at a matinee performance at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, she left her box at the end of the first act, explaining to the manager as she passed out that her voice would be ruined for her evening's work at the Auditorium if she remained longer, so irresistibly amusing did Mr. Kendall's character appear to her. At Coates' Opera House, Kansas City, a young man sitting next the aisle in the parquet jumped to his feet and fell headlong in a laughing fit and had to be carried off in an ambulance, and at Ford's Theater, Baltimore, several years ago a lady in one of the boxes had a laughing fit and had to be taken to her carriage by friends. The dry humor of Mr. Kendall is said to be irresistible. His Jiles Button is said to be an ideal, the Simon pure backwoods farmer character, a Josh Whitcomb, Solon Shingle, and Uncle Dan'l boiled into one, and so fitted to the comedian's eccentricities that his every movement, speech and look produces laughter. If he comes up to the predictions made of him he will do. A Pair of Kids will begin a week's engagement at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, Monday evening, November 14.

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The Fast Mail has been drawing good houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's all week, and in fact it is demonstrated that a great section of the community dearly loves the scenic melodrama, for that house gets the people every night of every week, rain or shine. The Fast Mail has been seen here before. It is one of those melodramas which after coming once may safely come again. The railroad scene, the steamboat scene and the boiler explosion are features that have not been surpassed for effectiveness. Robert Gaillard plays the leading role and does it well, while Frank Haven, who has a hard part in Sleuth, the detective, showed to advantage. Miss Emma Butler and Miss Buckingham are the leading ladies and handle their parts well.

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Next week at the Grand will appear The Grey Mare, a light comedy by George R. Sims and Cecil Raleigh. The play belongs to Daniel Frohman and is a Lyceum success. It is said to be prodigiously funny and is taken from the German. All through the characters keep getting into predicaments through misunderstandings, and the interest is keen until the last word is spoken, if we can believe the critics.

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J. H. Gilmour, the well known English actor, will occupy the Academy stage next week in Arthur Law's great comedy, Dartmoor. Gilmour is an actor of repute and power and should be seen. He carries with him a strong company, including Owen Westford, Herbert Archer, Littledale Power, Arthur Crawford, J. K. Brooks, W. D. Walden, Bettina Gerard, Hazel Seldon, Emma Fossette and Annie May Fields.

MACK.

'Varsity Chat.

OSGOODE Hall may win the Rugby championship, and our Arts men may conduct learned discussions by much fine reasoning; but when jolly, rollicking fun is wanted the Meds. can supply the quantity in large doses, pure and unadulterated. The "sawbones" on Monday held their elections, for a dinner committee, somewhere between the Biological Building in the Queen's Park and the Medical College on Gerrard street east. The beginning was in the first named building and the end in the latter, while the connecting links were forged in the space that lies between. Two olive-skinned organ-grinders of sunny Italy were introduced to the "inhabitants" of the dissecting-room, and to express their feelings they quoted passages from Dante in the original, mixing it with some plain, every-day, expressive, street Anglo-Saxon. The speeches were issued and one man was put forward as having the "same degrees as Prof. Ramsay Wright." The ballot showed the following result: President, W. P. Thomson, B.A.; 1st vice-president, J. Crawford; 2nd vice-president, T. W. McKay; graduates' toaster, Dr. H. A. Bruce; graduating class toaster, E. E. Harvey; ladies' toaster, W. T. McArthur; freshmen's toaster, A. R. Macklin.

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The ease and grace in which the writings of Oliver Goldsmith excel seemed to permeate the meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday as some of his works were being reviewed. Miss Beauregard dealt with The Deserted Village, Miss Skinner with She Stoops to Conquer, and Mr. W. D. Fry sketched the life of the man whose brother preached the gospel and became rich on £40 a year.

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There are indications that co-education is a success numerically. The *'Varsity* asks for a chaperon for the men in third year moderns, and currency has also been given to a report that the new steward of residence (long may he flourish in his good-food mood) is about to start a school of cookery for the lady undergraduates, so that they may be able efficiently to supervise the *cuisine* department of their own proposed residence. Such are the evidences of human progress we are presenting to an awe-stricken world. We may expect a chair in dress reform shortly, as the boys may soon be the "other element," a term in by-gone days applied to the lady undergraduates.

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From the lawn to Toronto Junction, the cross-country run, took place on Monday. Seventeen men entered and ten ran to the finishing post in the following order: Messrs. Orton, Grant, Revel, H. Moore, Goodwillie, Sampson, Davis, W. Gilmour, Sissons and Currie. A banquet closed the proceedings.

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A new departure has been made at Knox College. The staid students of the Confession of Faith and the Catechism have decided to give an At Home early in December. Gentlemen who are in the habit of carrying large, coarse-handled jack-knives will, on the evening of the new departure, have to deposit them in the basement before being allowed to tread the corridors, for all latent powers for strife must be controlled before the proceedings begin, as jealousy might find a lodgment in the hearts of some, all theological students having numerous admirers among the other sex, and each man will want to show to best advantage and will brook no slight or fancied wrong. In conjunction with the committee of the Literary Society the following committee has been appointed to act in making all necessary arrangements: Messrs. T. Smith, William Cooper, A. McNabb, W. A. Morrison, A. S. Ross, A. E. Hannahson, A. H. Abbott, W. D. Bell, W. R. Johnston, R. W. Ross, J. D. Jeffrey, L. McLean, J. G. McKechnie, W. A. Merkley, R. G. Morrison, T. R. Mitchell, E. A. Harrison, C. T. Lough, J. F. Scott, W. R. McIntosh, W. S. Heron, R. Drinnan, E. A. Hevry, E. W. McKay, A. J. Mann.

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The following are the members of the staff of the *Acta Victoriana*: W. F. Osborne '93, editor-in-chief; E. E. Marshall '94, social editor; E. Burwash '93, literary editor; M. C. Peart '93, local editor; D. Norman '94, missionary editor; G. N. Hazen '95, personals. The articles are written in a bright and entertaining style, and the paper is full of interest to the students and the friends of the college.

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Rugby and Association men need not for a few months talk about kicking. They must retire from the contest acknowledging that all records have been broken by the lecturers who are kicking for a raise of salary. One lecturer gets $1,500 in his year, and those who began on $800 want to know why this is thus.

ADAM RUFUS.

Crotchets and Quavers.

Those lovers of Scottish music who missed hearing the MacLennan Concert Company, Monday, in the Auditorium, missed a great treat. The company are of uniform excellence, yet only those who have seen MacLennan himself in his exquisite dancing would notice the blank which his absence caused. Poor fellow! the sad circumstance of his death cast quite a gloom over the audience at times, particularly when the music partook of the pathetic, and when one noticed the black gowns of the lady vocalists.

It honestly does one's heart good to watch the genuine delight the "sons of Scotia" take in their country's music. Their enthusiasm is infectious; perhaps the more so in my case because of Highland ancestry. I could not refrain from joining in the steady tramp, tramp of the feet when the Reel of Tulloch, or something else equally inspiring, was "fiddled" off with the fervor that Mr. Scott-Skinner throws into all his work. My companion, also of Highland origin, could with difficulty be persuaded to keep her seat. When the pipes began I had to tell her, in a stage whisper, to "sit down!" I sometimes wonder if the elevated tones of the pipes or voice have the same effect on animals of Scottish origin as upon the human element. I heard of a Scotch cat the other day that was so carried away by the high, shrill tones of a would-be prima donna who was regaling a select few that it flew at her, "teeth and claws." When she descended the scale it calmed down, but both cat and fur rose with her when vocal fireworks were indulged in. That cat scented a rival was my verdict when I heard the tale.

To return to the audience: It was a truly typical one, the seven ages of man being well represented. A couple of "shock heided" laddies in the top gallery interested me. They conscientiously chewed peppermint drops (I could smell them across the hall) and seemed to enjoy life from their elevated point of view immensely. Below them sat a fine specimen of a Scotch lassie "wi' her Tam." She had what Tam would call a "bonnie mou'." I would liken it unto a toboggan slide for length of lip, but then we don't all think alike, after all, do we? And isn't it lucky?

A couple of old men who sat near me were a goodly sight to see. They laughed and cried and shook each other by the hand with every change in the programme. First it would be The Flowers o' the Forest, or Burns' Address to a Haggis, no matter which, they enjoyed it with a zest. When the lengthy programme came to an end, one turned to the other with a sigh of regret and said, "Mon, but thon was gran'." A young man who sat on my other side was so full of the spirit of the song that he sang with everything, giving vent to an occasional whoop! or luch! when his feelings quite overcame him.

Mr. Willard's matinee baby was also there, but it did not make itself felt until Cuddle Doun was recited, when it awoke to a full sense of its responsibilities (?) and importance. However, it gave in gracefully and submitted to the inevitable when Mr. Dove Patterson, in tones wrought with deep emotion, besought babies in general and two in particular to "Cuddle Doun."

The programme was excellent, but I will refrain from going into details. I only know it will be long before I can forget Mr. Hector McBride's silvery voice, and that gem of harmony, O Memory, as sung by him, and the Misses Asher and McFarlane; also the beautiful dancing of Mr. Johnston.

My admiration was divided between the very handsome dancer and a gentleman in the balcony, the said gentleman wearing the "garb of old Gaul," and wearing it bravely. Should this come to the notice of the wearer, he will kindly credit my account for value received.

ROSALIND.

The Latest Electric Car Joke.

"They say you can only feel a shock from the outside of a trolley car," said Mr. Jones last night at tea, "but that is a libel, for I was inside one last night, and on putting my hand up to the window I felt a pane." There was a painful silence.

MARGUERITE.

I'll Foller Jane.

For Saturday Night.

I put my faith in Janey Smith,
Religion doesn't bother me;
It's somethin' I don't monkey with;
I never learned the trick—dye see?
They say I'm on the road to hell;
Jess so—I think my course is plain,
For I'm all right and doin' well—
I've put my faith in little Jane.

Religious folks hev strut and raved,
An' did their best at "savin'" me.
What nonsense this far I've *his* saved;
The pen'tent bench was Janey's knee.
I promised Jane I wouldn't fight,
Nor chaw, nor swear, nor drink again;
My Saviour kem to me that night,
A well worked scheme of Him and Jane.

I uster go to church an' sich,
An' take pertracted meetin's in,
They flummixed me, an' which was which
I couldn't tell, amoxst the din.
This hell menagerie business hits
Me wrong side up—it wasn't plain;
I can't surround the church a bit,
But I can understand my Jane.

She doesn't nag me 'bout my soul,
She doesn't say I'm soaked in sin,
She sits an' sings Roll, Jordan, Roll,
An' I jist drop a chorus in;
An' when I tell her what they say,
Thet I am damned an' sway behind,
She looks up in her gentle way
With: "Do what's right an' never mind."

The Lord's right hand holds Janey's hand,
An' her right hand is holdin' me;
Their love is my salvation, an'
I'm proud to say salvation's free;
An' when I've kep' my word a year
An' wore off the old-time stain,
Then I will read my title clear
To heaven on earth—and little Jane.

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KERNOHAN (THE KILN.)

The Spirit of the North.

For Saturday Night.

Thou spirit of the cold, cold north,
Bleak, silent, awful, drear,
Where not a sound is ever heard
To rouse the reverent fear;
Save but the fiercely howling wind.
The tyrant of the land,
Save but the dash of icy waves
Upon the ice-bound strand;
Save where two frowning icy bergs;
In hostile combat blend;
Or when from out thy bosom chill
Thou dost great groanings send;
Save but the growls of thy wild life,
Which hurriedly do flee,
As hummocks from their wintry heights
Fall splashing in the sea,
While thy scant life distinguished not
Either by sight or sound,
Rove o'er thy wastes, content to seek
What 'neath thy frown is found,
And now most threatening doth rule
Eternally the day;
While, when doth come the softer light,
Again doth spread thy sway.
Thou mortal, thou a longer day
And longer night damand.
Not astral but a curtied ray
Light up thy radiant land,
And all men are thy kingdom bound,
By thy chill icy stare,
Save who thy cutskirts do embrace
To humbly linger there.
And often mortals heeding not
Did cast aside their fear,
And boldly tried from round thy throne
Thy mysteries to tear;
But their presumptious was their death,
Who did thy warning shun,
Thy anger rore on those who'd bend
Thy rule ne'er yet undone.
For thou still sittest on thy throne,
Wrapt in its mystery
Since its creation's time, so bright,
Unknown to all save thee.
So let not man's ambition prompt
Such stern unserving toil,
Where thy chill breath and groanings will
Every endeavor foil;
Nor hurl from down thy throne destroyed,
Thy sceptre and thy will,
Surrounded by no moment din,
But ominously still.

ELAND C. C. FUCHLIN.

Baby Blue Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Pretty baby blue eyes,
Sweet as snow can be,
Pucker'd mouth and dimpl'd chin,
How we all love thee.

On the wings of fairies
Thou hast floated here,
Floated down among us
To gladden and to cheer.

Cooing, crying, kicking,
Making all attend,
Making many mighty minds
To thy wee will bend.

Laughing, drinking, sleeping,
Knowing naught of life,
Trusting mother simply
'Midst its care and strife.

Happy little baby,
Rest in mother's arms,
She will keep her darling
Safe from all alarms.

R. B. J. S.

That Old Picture.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis only a dim old picture,
Blackened with dust and smoke;
An old, old-fashioned picture
In a frame of darkened oak.
A girlish hand did paint it,
A hand so soft and white,
A hand that once a king did press
And place a kiss so light.
But not for this I love it
Nor for the costly frame,
But for the memories weaved around
The good old peaceful name.

"Home."

'Tis simply an old log cabin
With a snake-fence winding round,
And a show of sunny flowers
Appears in the high background;
A narrow road in front winds,
A forest at the side,
A little brook runs laughing
Down in the valley wide.
This was the home of my childhood,
My childhood gone for aye.
Ah! this is why I love it,
For the simple word I say—

"Home."

WINONA.

A Lucky Man.

Cleverton—Did you ever see a man who could stand as much liquor as Tankard?

Jagway (sadly)—No. Some men are born lucky.

Between You and Me.

A LETTER has come from the West which gave me a chance for a laugh, though at the same time I was able to sigh at the "innocence of its ignorance." A young girl writes that she "loves literature and would like to be an editor, to sit in a cosy little nest of a room far away from the noisy crowd, and spend the whole day in inditing her thoughts on paper; to watch the sun rise and to linger over her work until he had set in crimson glory." Well, if she thinks that is an editor's day, I wonder how rude should be her awaking! In the first place, sitting far away up necessitates climbing a good many stairs, and that isn't always lovely. The noisy crowd might also come after you, my dear; they do after me, and they effectually interfere with the steady inditing of thoughts, to that extent that, as at present, I indite them at home. I would not have them stay away, for I should go stark staring mad if I had to sit from sunrise to sunset putting down thoughts on paper! Little does this would-be editor reckon of the lordly foreman, who would cry "no space" to her daily inditing, or of the smutty and inexorable "devil" who would come charging in with his little roll of proofs for her correction and break up her sunrise and beclouds her sunset. No, she would go down those stairs and bury her shattered images and dispelled illusions in a street car and never want to be an editor, if she only knew!

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I have had a new experience this fall. Did you ever know how much experience you can have when you want to get a furnace in your house? Sewing machine men are not in it with furnace men! The piano agent hangs his diminished head! At first, in the warm weather, you go about asking your friends what make of furnace they have. One says, "Oh don't get a——, I am ruined in coal bills!" Another says, "Oh, you ought to get a——, most saving; we only burned six tons last winter." Now both these are the same make, so it is puzzling. Then some of these friends of yours begin to tell furnace men that you want a furnace, and persuasive voices and low tenders and red-hot promises for ten-below-zero-days are ringing your doorbell continually. They leave their cards, with little pictures of ungainly-looking heaters, until you have a whist pack of them. They invite you to call and see all their furnaces, but you, who don't know a furnace from a locomotive scarcely, keep far away from them. Then you decide blindly, on someone's recommendation, and a price is set, and a time for your furnace to arrive. It does not arrive; you telephone, and are promised it by a certain further removed date. On the day after, while you are out, the furnace men come, break open your back gate, force their way into your cellar, dump a load of insane-looking *debris*, and go away. You discover the raid, the open coal-shoot and the broken gate, some time next day, after calmly sleeping over an invitation to the burglar brotherhood all night. You stay at home to waylay those reckless furnace men, but they don't come. Oh no! It turns cold, wet, freezing; you make an appeal in writing to the president of the company. After several days the men come and partially erect the *debris* into a furnace, then they take some days' vacation, then they return, take down your range pipes, put up the furnace pipes and go away. When you go to light your furnace and thaw yourself, you find it has no grate, grate didn't fit, and they went for another. After two days of misery in a perfectly fireless house, you crawl to the president's door and demand satisfaction. He is out; you telephone dreadful sentences and are promised anything to shut off your vocabulary. At night you come home despairing, weeping cold tears. With every joint aching and a wish for speedy dissolution, you fumble with numb fingers at your latch key, you creep into the entry, you open the hall door, you gasp and swallow a mouthful of air at a temperature of eighty degrees. Your dog is panting on the mat, a queer suffocating, red-hot smell floats around you. You've got a furnace in—keep cool!

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I wonder if anyone likes Thanksgiving day as much as I do? As ingratitude is the meanest trait we can conceive of in human nature, so hearty gratitude is the most manly and beautiful. I like "thank you" almost better than "please"—those twin flowers on our daily speech, which are our first baby lessons in politeness. Most babies can say ta-ta before any other word; but many babies grow up and forget their pretty accomplishment. Lots of good people say "please," but forget to say "thank you." Just reflect how many paters say grace before their three meals a day, but don't dream of returning thanks after them, and you'll see! Some of them *ask* to be made thankful, I know, but it doesn't seem to work to gratitude; and how some of them do grumble at the cookery! It is easy to keep Thanksgiving with a merry party in the dear old home, with kind words and good cheer and plenty brimming from every corner, but there are times when one has to brace up and be thankful when it seems rather an effort. I was reading over a list of failures in business, as Thanksgiving talk was going on, and I wondered whether the irony of fate would embitter the thanksgiving of these unfortunate insolvents, and just then I thought of a sudden dark hour in a house near by, and the widow, and the little ones whose bright faces I know so well, and I could not expect them to keep Thanksgiving. But debt and death have not come to many of us. Perhaps one of the reasons of their coming to our neighbors is to rouse us to gratitude for our exemption. Gratitude is such a beautifier. Talk about aids to beauty! Just watch the illumination, the lovely look that comes into the homeliest face when gratitude swells the heart, and you will see!

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I am not a member of any humane society, nor would I advocate a refuge for homeless cats, but I was very wrath with those officers who rode the long distance from Vienna to Berlin lately, and caused the death of some of their best horses. The idea of the poor creatures struggling along under their load of German or Austrian flesh and blood, till they died, haunts me at this late day. A Hungarian won. Woe is me, who love Hungarians! And I had to laugh at the prize he got! A silver bust of the irrepressible William! I hope he don't like him any better than I do; that he may be slightly visited for his iniquity! LADY GAY.

Individualities.

After the second battle of Bull Run, Lincoln is said to have exclaimed: "Well, I've heard of being knocked into the middle of next week, but I never heard of being pitched into the middle of last year."

The most famous chamois hunter of Europe is Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg, who has just killed his two thousandth chamois. The Emperor of Austria is the second best gun, his record amounting to 1,893 head.

The Grand Duke of Luxembourg, at Biebrich, Germany, has a collection of all the good Rhine wines grown since 1705. Some of it is valued at $5,000 a barrel. But it is not for sale, so no one need go to the trouble of negotiating for its purchase.

M. Zola's recent pilgrimage to Lourdes—or is it Ernest Renan's death?—has caused him to alter his literary plans. Instead of one work on Roman Catholicism, he will write a series of three—Lourdes, Rome, Paris—tracing the history of the religious movement throughout Europe.

Charles James Fox, when canvassing Westminster, applied to a shopkeeper for his vote and interest. The man produced a halter, with which, he said, he was ready to oblige him. "Thank you," replied Fox, "for your kind offer, but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family relic."

M. Pasteur, the famous microbe finder, will be seventy years old on December 27, and a Danish admirer, Herr Jacobsen, the leading brewer of Denmark, has organized a fund to present a commemorative medal to the French scientist, whose researches regarding fermentation have been so valuable to the brewing industry.

When she wrote Auld Robin Gray, Lady Anne Lindsay, afterward Barnard, was but twenty-one years of age. It was written to supplant a bad song which had become associated with a good air. The rude words with their tune first came to the ears of Lady Anne through an eccentric character named Sophy Johnstone, who sang it in a harsh cracked voice.

Miss Abbott, known as the Georgia Magnet, was hissed off the stage at Berne, Switzerland, and afterward attacked by a mob of people, who viewed the performance with evident disfavor. The police came to the rescue of Miss Abbott and escorted her to a hotel. Miss Abbott has cancelled all her engagements in Switzerland in consequence of the scandalous scene.

Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria were once walking in the garden at Eu when he offered her a peach. The queen seemed rather embarrassed how to skin it, when Louis Philippe took a large clasp-knife from his pocket. "When a man has been a poor devil like myself," he said, "obliged to live on forty sous a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years. Still, I do not wish to lose the habit—one does not know what may happen."

Queen Austrigilda, the wife of Gontran, King of Burgundy, being on her death-bed, requested her husband to bury the two physicians who were then in attendance on her person, in the same tomb with herself, as she attributed her coming dissolution to their want of skill. Like a dutiful husband, the king not only promised his young wife to carry out her request, but actually saw that it was done. In the good old times it was as risky to be a court physician as it is at present to be a medicine man among the Arizona or Oregon Indians.

I should not think of calling M. Renan a wit, but he was sometimes humorous. One day ere he had climbed to fame, he was at a dinner party, and going to speak on a current topic, M. Jules Simon cutting in, the hostess made a sign to M. Renan to reserve what he had to say until M. Simon had spoken. Presently she said, "Now, M. Renan, it is your turn. You were going to say something." "Merely," he answered, "that I wanted to have some peas." He kept an unbroken silence for the rest of the evening.

When it is finished Vanderbilt's palace on Long Pine Mountain, North Carolina, will be the finest private residence in America. Some time over a year ago the foundations were laid, and now the stone masonry begins to rise sheer over the side of the mountain, like a walled precipice. This is just what Vanderbilt wanted, for he determined that his castle would have the view and command the heights unobstructed. He concluded to spend one million dollars a year for ten years, and he is pretty well assured, at the end of that time, of having a house fine enough for a king.

Someone has started the alarming proposition that the woman possessed of intellect is never beautiful. The author of this quaint idea forgets that intellectuality is beauty, and that all his or her citations of various clever ladies who were homely can be promptly balanced by the names of others whose minds and bodies were equally fair. For instance, if George Eliot was not fair to look upon, Jane Austen, her literary rival, was. Gifted Jane was a belle in her youth, with a skin like cream and roses, abundant hair, bright eyes, and fine features. Charlotte Bronte has childishly small hands, feet as daintily shaped as those of a fairy princess, and splendid eyes. Mrs. Siddons, who had brains enough for two, had beauty enough to hold her audiences in captive admiration. Vigee Lebrun was a famous beauty of her day, possessed of loveliness and talents that hold her now in a dear remembrance. Madame de Levigne was most fair to look upon and a person of exceeding wit. What of Mrs. Amelie Rives Chanler, whose beauty earned her fame before she published a line? Mary Hartley Cathcwood, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Annie Fields are among the many clever American women, along with Miss Harriet Monroe, who can be mentioned without taking special thought for selection, and Margaret Deland has a face one can ever remember with pleasure.

The Thanksgiving Turkey.

The Reminiscences of One Who Knew It Well in Its Glorious Past.

BY MACK.

ROAST turkey is not what roast turkey used to be. Those who can look back some years to their boyhood will bear me out in the statement that roast turkey is *not* what it once was. The turkey of the day is a long, skinny bird, with dry, stringy meat on its legs, and slices from its breast are insipid and disappointing. The odor of the fowl is all right as it comes in on a platter, but in surgery other respect it has deteriorated. There was nothing dry or stringy about the legs of turkeys when I was a boy, and all the birds were young and tender, so that I never found a fault in them, but now—well, everyone knows what turkeys are like now—they are all old and tough; they are all juiceless gobblers. The turkey of fifteen years ago was a majestic bird. His huge sides used to bulge out with a plenitude of inward comfits, and his legs would squeeze against his plump sides as if he had to hold tight or burst—and he didn't want to burst and waste himself, that turkey didn't. He wanted to dispense joy and stuffing, satiety and wishbones all over the land as far as he could reach—a great, generous, philanthropic bird; a regular H. A. Massey of the feathered creation! There was any amount of him, too. You could pass back your plate as often as you liked and still the mystical recesses of the benign roaster would yield up stuffing, and still a leg, a wing or a triangular bone would be forthcoming, until father would hit the spoon on your plate rather impatiently and put a gingerly bit of white meat on the edge of it, in singular contrast to his patience and lavishness earlier on in the meal, and then you, if a wise boy, would leave off turkey and try some pudding, please.

But now a turkey is different. There is only so much of a turkey now. There are only two legs and two wings, a few small breast cuts, a pope's nose and a few vagrant bits, and when those around the table are helped once nothing remains but a great unwieldy skeleton that it is the height of bad manners and a waste of time to fool with. Of course the person at the head of the table pokes his fork into the empty trunk and coaxes you to accept a second service, but side glances have shown you that it is a hospitable bluff he is giving you and you are expected—more, absolutely required—to decline, for he has nothing to give you, unless a few spare ribs, and a turkey doesn't have much in the way of ribs.

Turkeys used to be cooked right when I was a boy. As I said before, there were no old turkeys or tough ones; they were all glorious turkeys. Neither was there any under or overdone of turkeys. They were just so. You would pinch yourself to make sure that it was not all a tantalizing dream; you would eat fast so that you could get your invincible lip over your portion before it could vanish, and then you would eat slow, satisfied of your wakefulness, and determined not to find your plate empty while the more deliberate Johnnie opposite was but half through, and proceeding as if he aimed to eke out the balance of his days nibbling at a turkey's wing as long as his arm.

And as for stuffing—where is the turkey stuffing of my youth? It was rich and fat, but you could eat no end of it and feel never a heaviness nor wave of uneasiness. There was nothing indigestible about it and in all the world of youth there was nothing so delicious to the palate. There seemed no end to the quantity of it encompassed in a turkey of the olden time, and on going to bed you were sure to dream of it; mountains of it, continents of it. But now stuffing is another matter; it is dressing and it is indigestible. It gives you heart-burn. You revolt at it. It is made of sage and onions and if you do partake of it you get sticks in your mouth. When we were boys the ingredients of stuffing were unknown. One did not find bits of sage and slices of onion in it, but simply ate it with an enormous relish, looking beyond his plate speculatively at the diminishing but still magnificent source of supply near the head of the table. Learned medical men advise against dressing nowadays; but in the days that are gone there were no learned medical men, no indigestion and dyspepsia, no theories of diet. Everything was wholesome that you could bite in two. Beans were not stringy, nor was celery, and beef was not like rubber in those days. Sausages were grand eating and nothing to be afraid of; but now they are not only uneatably strong, coarse, rank, but what are they made of? Something vile, no doubt, and public distrust of them is natural and just.

It is the same all along the bill of fare. Even pudding has become an agent of internal evil, sodden in element and obstinate in disposition. Gastronomy, the science or art of good eating, is dying out or is already dead, but I am glad that I was born soon enough to find eating still a pleasure, though doomed, alas, to soon become extinct.

. . . . . .

Since writing the above I have been at a dinner table, where sat a boy of the present day, assisting myself and others to dispose of a turkey of the present day. I fear I am an old fool. The turkey is the same grand bird it ever was; dressing isn't dressing, it's the immortal stuffing of my youth; a boy is a boy, and may God in His goodness bring the three of them together long and often! The change is in me—my digestion ages faster than my face and hair. It is too late to withdraw the above from type, but I retract every word of it in humbleness and confusion.

The Estrangement.

The rain falls steadily and drearily; it is a cold, raw day, and across the road a woman sits at her window, grieving. She is upwards of sixty; her face bears marks of age and care, and her hands are hardened with toil, and today, singularly enough, lie idly in her lap. Beauty is gone; strength is going; decrepitude creeps feebly towards her, yet how much more interesting she is than the girls who fleetly pass her door and see her not. Why do her hands clasp tightly now? Why does her head fall hopelessly on her breast? Why does she sit in that upper room alone, retrospecting and sighing?

The heart of her only child is turned from her. He gives her bread and clothing, but love—none; that is all for another. Alone she sits with her grief and her age, youth and love and joy behind her, death before her; and the rain beats dismally on the glass, and the leaves, fluttering, fall to the ground, accompaniments of her sorrow.

Downstairs, in that same house, far off from that lonely upper room, is a group whose selfish joy is the fountain of the sorrow above. The room is bright and warm, but the doors are carefully closed against a possible intruder. In a low rocker a pretty woman sits reading a magazine. A child on the floor near her builds a block house. A man, to the woman upstairs the only loved object left in the world, writes busily at a table. As he lifts his pen a moment his glance goes instantly across to the pretty woman in the rocker. She, who thirty-six months ago he had never seen, now has his every thought and his purse, while to the aged woman upstairs, who nursed him, fondled him, and gave him bread when no one else took a thought for his life, are doled out the husks.

This pretty young wife has father and mother, sisters, brothers and friends, yet, strangely enough, she cannot permit that her husband should seem to love his own mother. She is slowly teaching him to center every thought in her; she is systematically absorbing to herself his whole emotional life—she is a murderess, this pretty young thing with the delicate hands, the smiling lips and the curling hair, for she is withholding from the aged heart upstairs that which is its very life-blood.

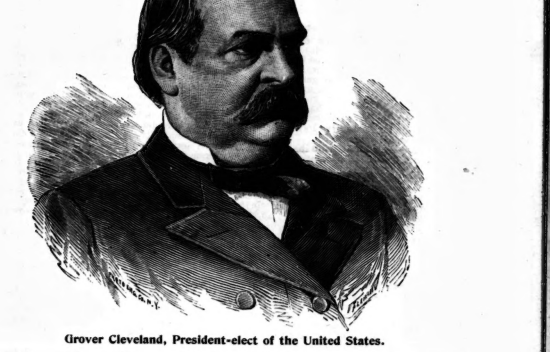
And this son, who rarely now seeks his mother out for a confidential chat, rarely now asks her to walk or to drive with him, lives serenely on, while near him a soul clutches the air for a ray of love-light, a starved heart gnaws at its own vitals, and he, unseeing, unthinking, looks on. EDITH M. LUKE.

Our Fighting Men.

Lieut.-Colonel Davidson and officers of the 48th Highlanders entertained all of Toronto's mighty men of war at the regimental headquarters, old Upper Canada College, Tuesday evening. This is the season of the year when the military is specially active, owing to the inspections being made. The troops were inspected Thanksgiving Day, and the affair of Tuesday evening was designed to test the efficiency of the commissariat. It tested very well. If it could furnish such rations to the men when on the tented field of war, then, faith, we would all be kilted soldiers and risk death for such dinners. Of course, to read about haggis in a cookery book, to discover how it is made, and what it is made of, *is* rather disenchanting to any but a person of Scotch descent. Even a Scot, if he be candid, will admit this. But haggis is marvelously good considering whence it comes. It resembles a certain preparation sometimes encountered in enterprising restaurants, named meat-balls, and being in fact surplus hash squeezed into cakes and fried. This is not intended for ladies or male cooks to read, so that any unprofessional term I may use will pass unnoticed. Anything more impressive than the entrance of the haggis Tuesday evening could hardly be conceived. Pipe-major Ireland—whose name is additional proof that Scotland was originally peopled by Irish refugees and outlaws and not by colonists direct from the skies as Ossian avers—this dignified and most excellent piper, I say, marched in, playing a most triumphant air, while behind him a procession of waiters, each holding aloft a platter of the wonderful preparation, filed along, one falling off and assuming a statuesque pose at the corner of each table. At that instant you could pick out every Scotchman present by the look of internal joy that welled up and suffused his face, while on the faces of Englishmen and Irishmen you could see reflected an inward feeling of concern, a consciousness that an ordeal approached, through which they hoped to pass with the fortitude of Christian gentlemen and of soldiers carrying Her Majesty's commission. Many a brave man faltered who would have faced a battery without a tremor—for myself I know that I have looked down the throat of that cannon in Queen's Park with greater equanimity than I possessed when the haggis reached me and the villainous spoon scooped up more than I bargained for. Beside me sat Lieut. Donald, a leal Scot of ancient lineage, and he would have regarded it as a national affront had I not displayed the utmost relish for the dish. The dinner went off amazingly well, a credit to Webb and to the officers of the mess.

Before and after dinner the smoking concert proper occurred. There never was such an uproariously well mannered an assembly. They sang and cheered until the ancient roof of the building shook. Yet the most fastidious lady in the land might have heard every spoken word. The younger men instinctively gathered in the larger room, while in the smaller one the older men formed little groups and debated military matters, notably General Herbert's outspoken words to the Montreal regiments. Col. Davidson hovered in the doorway between, with one foot in the sedate gathering and a smiling face encouraging the younger men in their frolics. The cry would go up for some young officer who was known to possess a voice; he would be found somewhere enjoying a smoke through a long churchwarden of clay, would be led forward, hoisted upon a table and the crowd would supply the chorus. Then a dozen stalwarts would seize the table and elevate the singer ten feet in the air, where he danced and sang again. Fine exhibition of vigorous animality the appearance of the men, the good-nature prevailing, and one thing and another, reminded me of the night before Waterloo in Belgium's capital—not that I was present on that historic occasion, of course, but the scene suggested the truth of Byron's magic verse. In one corner stood the canteen, well stocked but patronized with extreme and creditable moderation. There is something other than haggis that the Scotch alone can properly assimilate—Scotch whisky. I could drink myself into a drunkard's grave with one glass of it. There is a mutual affection between it and the Scot; it displays forbearance towards him, but when it gets a chance at an Irish throat it spares not—and in truth, is often not spared either.

At dinner Lieut-Col. Davidson occupied the chair, with Majors Cosby and Macdonald, and Lieuts. McLean and Donald in the vice chairs. On the right and left of Col. Davidson were Lieut.-Cols. Otter, Dawson, F. C. Denison, M.P.; Stark of Victoria Rifles, Montreal; George T. Denison, Grasett, Hamilton, Gray, Wyld, Dunn; Majors Buchan, Meade, Mason, Henderson, Capt. McMurrich, Surgeon Ryerson, Surgeon Grasett and others of the Queen's Own, Royal Grenadiers, Body Guards and 48th Highlanders. Cols. Denison and Stark responded to the toast of the Queen very fittingly, as became the men and the occasion, and at intervals in marched that piper with his stirring airs. Our military officers are great men in field or feasting hall. MACK.



Grover Cleveland, President-elect of the United States.

Overburdened.

Young Wife (sadly)—Ah, that night work at the office is surely affecting George's mind!—*Puck.*

TEDDY O'MARA'S CORSET.

A Sketch of City Life.

The announcement of the engagement of Teddy O'Mara to the rich widow McDonaghue would have caused less surprise in social circles if the circumstances which brought the courtship to a close had been more generally known. But both the *fiances* had been discreet. It was known that Ted had been keeping company with the wealthy widow, but what had induced her to depart from her oft-expressed determination never to give Pat McDonaghue a successor was a mystery.

If Ted had been young and handsome, her choice might have been accounted for. But he was fifty if he was a quarter of an hour, and when he dropped a nickel in the slot the arrow did not stay its motion till it had passed the point of two hundred and sixty. His circumference was longest at the equator. From that line it tapered up and down. Like so many other San Franciscans Ted had once been rich, but having, in an ill-advised moment, resolved to get even with that grasping banking firm, he had left most of his coin on the bleak shore of Pine street, and was eking out a small remainder of his fortune by precarious jobs as a real estate and insurance broker. His symptoms, as the homœopathists say, indicated marriage with a woman of means. And Teddy, who was jovial, good-tempered and full of fun, did not despair of carrying conviction to the mind of one of the many California widows whose husbands had been judicious enough to die before they lost their money.

After much reconnoitring, he had fixed his glittering eye on Mrs. McDonaghue, whose husband had been killed in the Bloody Bootjack Mine just after he had struck pay ore; the widow sold her interest in the mine for a round million, and had lived sumptuously on the interest ever since, in a roomy house in the Mission. She had no children, but she could always find girls to accompany her to the park, or to the theater, or to the watering-places in the season. Like Ted, she had run to adipose. Some but the descendants of Lonaitharm could clasp her waist. Few chairs could sustain her weight. Her favorite seat was a sofa.

When she became aware that Teddy was paying her attention, with a view to matrimony, she told him that he was ridiculous.

"Blither O'Mara," said she, "there is no carriage built in which we two could sit side by side. If we walked the streets arrum and arrum, we'd push everyone into the gutter."

"Mistress McDonaghue," said he, "av I could hold your warrum, plump hand in mine, the whole worruld might pitch into the gutter for anything I'd care."

But the widow had been so long weaned from thoughts of love that she laughed at Teddy's gush, and he made but little progress. He brought her flowers, which she sniffed without the least sense of gratitude to the donor. He brought her candies, which she gave to her girl friends. He brought her theater tickets, which she accepted on condition that he was not to accompany her. "Dye want," she would say, "to have us look for dead from the circus—the fat couple from Oireland, imported at great expinse?"

She was always glad to see him, asked him to dinner, and gave him old sherry which the late McDonaghue had laid in—a sound wine, which that rogue Ted loved; but when he tried to broach the subject of his hopes, she made fun of him. After a long campaign, he succeeded in obtaining the privilege of holding her hand. It was a pudgy hand, with short, stubby fingers; his own was fat, very fat, so that when he held hers, the clasped hands looked like two obese mollusks glued together.

There were times when he despaired. But his circumstances were not improving, and he would not give up the game so long as he had not been actually shoved off the board.

One day, when he called, he was told that the widow had gone to Santa Cruz.

Happy thought! Why should not he go, too? The sea air opens the heart. At watering-places ladies pine for adoration. There is no business there. Everybody flirts, when anyone can be found to flirt with. Women have nothing to do but to listen to words of love. He would go to Santa Cruz, in a brand new outfit of clothes, and would push his suit with new ardor. If the widow had any heart at all, he would find it. He was a good swimmer; he might have a chance of saving her life. At any rate he would show her what he could do in the foaming breakers. He would prove to her that he was not too old for love or for any other manly exercise.

It did not take him long after his arrival to ascertain that the widow bathed daily, and that she had several bathing suits of different colors which she had brought down with her. At the hour she was expected he appeared at the baths and demanded a bathing suit. The man who dispensed those garments looked at him doubtfully, and then called his wife, who also inspected him. Then said the man:

"I'm afraid we have no suit that will fit a gentleman of your size."

"Tut! nonsense!" replied Ted, "you must find a suit. My doctor orders me to take salt water baths. My death may be on your head if you prevent me. I'll squeeze myself into any suit."

While the visitor was uttering these ejaculations the man and his wife were consulting in whispers. Ted caught the last remark of the wife:

"I'd risk it. It's odds she won't come today. She said yesterday that bathing gave her a headache. If she does come, why, we'll say the missing suit fell into the water and is hanging out to dry."

"It goes," whispered the man. Then to the visitor: "I think you'll find what you want in 92. The boy will show you the way. It'll be fifty cents, for the suit is extra large."

The dressing-room was apparently a double one, and bathing suits hung from a number of nails. Ted undressed swiftly, and prepared to put on a blue suit, when he noticed a black object hanging on the wall. He took it down and identified it as a corset. He had seen corsets before. And he perceived at a glance that it was larger than any corset he had ever beheld, larger than would have been worn by any of the ladies he had been acquainted with in his youth. He was turning it round in his hands and puzzling over it when a ray of light burst into his mind. It must be—it was—a man's corset, built for corpulent bathers like himself. It was a delicate attention which the bathing-house keeper had paid him, and he had had the good taste not to refer to it verbally.

Teddy passed the corset round his fat chest and fastened the catches in front. The garment laced up behind, and Ted had wit enough to draw the stay-lace tight and to knot the ends. Except that it was rather baggy in the upper portion of the front, it fitted him very well, and gave him what he had not had for years—a waist. Hastily donning the rest of his bathing-clothes he was soon in the water, waiting for the widow.

She tired his patience sorely, and when she came there was a dark cloud on her brow. But Ted was so full of good humor, and cracked so many jokes, that the cloud evaporated, and presently the widow was enjoying herself, as Ted lifted her over the breakers in his stalwart arms. She had no idea he was so strong, nor had she the least idea that he had so good a figure. In his ordinary costume he was actually shapeless. But now a manly chest swelled from a fairly proportioned waist, and the widow could not deny that, so far as appearances went, he was a proper man.

One tremendous breaker came which tested his muscle; but he lifted the widow over it to the cost of the buttons on his tunic. Through the indiscreet aperture thus made, the widow's eye discerned an inner garment which was black.

Sputtering from her immersion, she pointed with a dark scowl to the object, and asked:

"What is that?"

"Ah! ha!" jauntily replied Ted; "ha! part of my bathing costume—made for me expressly by my tailor on Montgomery street."

The lady vouchsafed no reply, but went out of the water, hastily walked up the beach, and took the direction of her bathing-room. Ted, who had been so long in the water that he was chilled through, and whose fun ended with Dulcinea's departure, followed her example. He ascended the steps, walked along the corridor, noting the numbers on the doors till he came to 92. The door resisted a slight pressure from his hand, but a vigorous shove from his shoulder threw it open, and he stood inside.

A piercing female shriek divided the air, and Mr. O'Mara's horrified gaze beheld Mrs. McDonaghue, still fully equipped in her bathing suit, sitting on the bench, with his trowsers in her hand.

"Get out of this, you baste!" she screamed, "I'll get out fast enough," said he, "but I'd like to know what you are doing in my bathing-room."

"It's not yours; it's mine. And if you don't go, I'll call the police."

"I swear I hired this room of the keeper a few minutes ago."

"I tell you it's mine, hired by the week."

"Perhaps you'll be telling me, avast Mrs. O'Donaghue, that those are your trowsers you have in your purty hand."

"You are a brute," cried the widow, flourishing the male garment—"a brute and a thafe, too; for that corset you're wearing is mine, though you did have it made expressly for you in Montgomery street."

A suspicion of the mistake began to dawn on Ted's mind.

"The thundering villain," he muttered. "I'll break every bone in his body."

"Are you going, Mr. O'Mara," cried the widow, in a more subdued tone, "or shall I scream murder?"

"And bring the crowd round us?" not unadroitly suggested Ted. "How can I go when you have my trowsers in your hand?"

"Here are your dirty old clothes," said the widow, gathering them up and throwing them at him.

"Thanks," replied Ted, quite politely. "And, by the way, as you lay claim to this corset, shall I take it off? I don't know that I am able to unlace it without assistance."

"Go! Go! Brute! Fiend! Villain!" and the widow, whose muscular strength was not to be despised, pushed him out of the bathing-room.

It is not to be supposed that this animated colloquy escaped the ears of the bathers. The keeper of the bathing-house, for prudential reasons of his own, did not put in an appearance on the battlefield, and when Teddy, having resumed his proper attire, visited the office and expressed a desire to have a few moments' conversation with him, his wife declared that he had gone to Soquel and would not be back for a day or two. But quite a number of gentlemen and ladies were consumed with curiosity to know the cause of so warm a controversy, the prevailing opinion being that the fat Irishman had been guilty of crimes for which death would have been too lenient a penalty. Nothing but his decidedly belligerent air prevented his being called upon by bystanders for an explanation.

When Mrs. McDonaghue reappeared in street costume and accompanied by Mr. O'Mara to the hotel, the women followed the couple with sarcastic looks, and one small boy was heard to cry:

"Jumbo and his wife!"

When they reached the widow's sitting-room she burst into a storm of tears and sobbed:

"What am I to do?"

"The situation," said Ted, "must be admitted to be embarrassing."

"You were seen by lots of people in my bathing-room when I was in bathing costume.

"I am afraid I was."

"And they probably heard you ask me to hand you your trowsers."

"As well as your remark about wearing your corset."

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the lady; "there is nothing left for me but to commit suicide. I can never hold up my head again. Its will be all over San Francisco next week. Aunt Norah will hear of it and will come and condole with me—the crocodile—and I would rather be dead than confess it to Father Ballerty. I'll wait till night and then drown myself off the pier."

"I am afraid, Mrs. McDonaghue, that after the—little notoriety you acquired this morning the boys would follow you and fish you out. Let me make a suggestion. Suppose, instead of worrying yourself about this ridiculous accident, you consent to marry me. Then everything would explain itself."

There was a long pause which Ted was too wise to interrupt.

"If I marry you," said the widow, "it will be solely and wholly in order not to be laughed at for this morning's adventure."

"My darling," said Ted triumphantly, "account for the fact in any way you please, so long as you do marry me."

And the fat man embraced the fat woman as far as his arms would reach.

Thus it was that the social columns of the papers announced that a marriage had been arranged between Edward O'Mara, Esq., formerly of the Stock Exchange, and Mrs. Bridget McDonaghue, widow of the late Patrick McDonaghue, Esq., formerly of the Bloody Bootjack Mine. The happy couple will spend the honeymoon in Italy.—*John Bonner in San Francisco Argonaut.*

A Male Shopper.

They were riding up in the elevator of one of our leading dry goods stores, the man, his wife and a small boy who was going to get off at the second floor instead of the third, says the *Detroit Free Press.*

"One would think, young fellow," said the man pompously, "that you had never been in an elevator before."

"No more I was, pa," said the small boy, and he was going to say something more, but his mother seized his hand and he stopped short.

The party got out of the third floor and the man directed the movements of his wife and boy, and seemed to have the whole universal plan at his finger ends.

When they had finished shopping they all stepped into the elevator to go down, and the wife said she thought she would sit, but the man told her to stand up and not joggle about so much. At the second floor he seized the boy, said "Look where you are going, sir," and got off. His wife went on to the ground floor, for which they had started, and sat down in the store to await developments.

The man came down the stairs pretty soon and pretended to be showing the store to the boy.

"You made a mistake, Hiram," said his wife timidly; "you oughta't to have got off on that floor."

"Don't worry about me," snapped the man, "I'm old enough to take care of myself," and he stalked ahead with a determination to get there if he walked straight down cellar.

"This way," said a clerk, as he touched the man on the shoulder.

"Take your hand off, young man; I know which way I'm going," and he made another attempt.

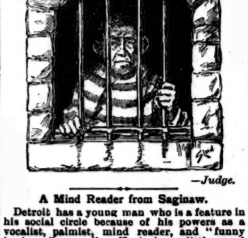
"All right," said the clerk; "if you go through that plate glass mirror it will cost you more than if you leave by the regular door."

Then the man saw his family were waiting for him, and he frowned at them crossly and followed them into the street. It was a severe case of know-it-all.

Magnificent New Vestibule Pullman Sleepers, Toronto to New York.

The Erie Railway have had the Pullman Palace Car Company build two of the finest Pullman sleepers that ever run between Toronto and New York. Every person who ever traveled in a Pullman sleeper will agree with us their equal cannot be found for convenience and comfort. The interior of these cars are handsomely decorated and lighted with all the latest improvements, such as pintsch gas and finished in gold plush, drawing-room with annex, ladies' toilet-room with double washroom, with portiers, hot and cold water, and a well stocked buffa in every sleeper. The scenery along this picturesque route cannot be equalled in the Eastern States. By traveling via this great route you avoid being smothered in soft coal cinders and dust along the road, as they burn nothing but hard coal. Every foot of the road is stone ballast. You must also remember this is also a double track road. The above sleepers leave Toronto at 4.55 p.m., daily, except Sundays.

In a Guilt Frame.



—*Judge.*

A Mind Reader from Saginaw.

Detroit has a young man who is a feature in his social circle because of his powers as a vocalist, palmist, mind reader, and "funny business" generally. He is just a little proud of himself all around, but especially so of his singing. Lately he has been giving some amusing take-offs on mind reading. Several nights ago he had as a confederate a sharp girl from Saginaw, who loves to prod him now and then in his tenderest places. On this occasion he had posted her on the mysteries of mind reading, and she appeared with him before a parlor audience, blindfolded in due form, and took her place ready for the performance. He held up a lemon in plain view of the audience.

"I have here," he said, with much form, "in my hand a lemon. What is it?"

"A lemon," promptly replied the sensitive, and he bowed and threw it aside in the midst of applause.

"Cold," he continued, taking up a piece of ice, "I hold in my hand a piece of ice. Is it hot or cold?"

"Cold," answered the blindfolded girl.

"Thanks," and he fired it out of sight while the audience applauded.

Next he took a shoe from the table.

"I have here," he said, "a No. 9 shoe. Can you tell me the size of it?"

"No. 9," responded the girl, and there were more roars and applause.

Then he stepped to one side and returned with a saw and a stick of wood. He put the stick across a bench and began to saw.

"Now," he said to the fair sensitive, "will you tell the audience what I am doing?" and he sawed away vigorously.

The sensitive held her head to one side and listened intently. The operator was greatly pleased.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "is a most difficult feat."

The subject waited a minute, listening.

"Well," said the operator, "can you tell the audience what I am doing?"

"You're singing," announced the subject, so unexpectedly that the operator fell over a chair back trying to get away.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Excursion to City of Mexico

On Nov. 19 to 26 inclusive, the Wabash Railway will sell tickets to the City of Mexico at low rail first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets good going via Detroit and St. Louis and returning via Chicago, or *vice versa*, valid up to Dec. 31. This will be the grandest opportunity ever given to see this ancient land of the Aztecs. Words fail in describing the majestic and beautiful scenery on this trip, admitted to be without equal on the American continent and not surpassed in the world. Full particulars at the Wabash new office, northeast corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

A Fish Story.

Miss Birch.—Why didn't you come to school this morning?
Billy Fisher.—I had to go of an errand.
Miss Birch.—But you didn't come this afternoon, either!
Billy Fisher.—Oh, well, you see I hain't got back yet.

A tea-kettle of hot water

Gives enough hot water to do the entire wash when **SURPRISE Soap** is used.

There's no wash boiler required.

There's none of that hot steam about the house on wash day.

This is a simple, easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes and the whitest. **SURPRISE Soap** does it. **READ** the directions on the wrapper.

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NOTE.—Persons ordering through mail can do so with as much confidence as if they were here to choose for themselves. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Mention this paper.

Exchanging Reminiscences.

"Do you know, my dear," she suddenly said, as she looked up from her work, "do you know that next week will be the twentieth anniversary of our wedding!"

"Is that so? By George! how time flies! Why, I had no idea of it."

"Yes, we have been married almost twenty long years," she continued, with something of a sigh. "You have been a good husband to me, darling."

"And you have been a blessed little wife to me, Susan. Come here and let me kiss you. There!"

"I was thinking to-day—I was thinking of—"

"Of that sickly-faced baboon who used to walk home with you from church before I knew you?" he interrupted.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Why, that Brace fellow, of course."

"Why, George, he wasn't such a bad fellow."

"Wasn't he? Well, I'd like to know of a worse one, and there you were as good as engaged to him."

"Yes, George, but you know you were keeping company at the same time with that Helen Perkins."

"That Helen Perkins! Wasn't Miss Perkins one of the loveliest and prettiest young ladies in Liverpool?"

"No, she wasn't. She had teeth like a horse!"

"She did, eh! How about that stoop-shouldered, white-headed dance?"

"And such big feet as she had! Why, George, she was the laughing-stock of the fleet."

"Nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind! She was a young lady who would have made a model wife."

"Then why didn't you marry her, and all her moles, and warts and mushroom eyes?"

"Don't talk that way to me! Her eyes were as nice as anyone's."

"They were not."

"They were. I believe you are sorry because you took her place ready for the performance. He held up a lemon in plain view of the audience.

"I am! Oh! I thought you said I had been a good husband to you?"

"And didn't you call me your blessed little wife?"

Then he plumped down and began to read the mortgage sales and advertisements in the paper, and she picked up her sewing and gave the cat a gentle kick. These old things will come up now and then, and somehow neither side gets entirely over them.

In Perfect Accord.

Poet (disconsolately receiving the inevitable unavailable)—This is tough!

Editor (blandly)—Just so; it's stuff!

A Providential Arrangement.

"Man proposes—"

"Yes; but he needs encouragement."

A Puny and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

A Life of Adventure.

Mr. James O'Kelly, ex-M.P. for the county Roscommon, who delivered the oration at the Parnell celebration in Dublin the other day, has had a life of extraordinary adventure, and his career has been sketched by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in his "Parnell Movement." Mr. O'Kelly was born in Dublin in 1845, entered the army of France in 1863, was enrolled in the Foreign Legion, and was immediately ordered for active service to the province of Oran, where the Arabs were in revolt. This rebellion had scarcely been suppressed when O'Kelly was sent by Napoleon III. on the expedition which was equipped to win for the ill-fated Maximilian the throne of Mexico. In all the fighting which went on O'Kelly had his share. He was made prisoner by the forces of General Canalez on June, 1866, but managed to escape. For days he had to wander in constant peril of his life. At one time he took to the river, hoping to float down to the point where Mexican territory joined the United States. He finally made his way into Texas, and ultimately reached New York. From New York O'Kelly returned to France, and during the Franco-Prussian war fought in the French army, from which he retired after the Siege of Paris. He left France for America, tried journalistic work, and by a successful lecture in interviewing General Sheridan. He at length attained the position of leading writer on the New York *Herald*. In 1873, when Cuba was in insurrection against Spain, no trustworthy accounts of the aims and objects of the insurgents could be obtained. O'Kelly conceived the bold project of going to Cuba as a special correspondent and seeing for himself the position of the rebel forces and interviewing their commander. He was promptly forbidden by the Spanish authorities to cross the lines. He disregarded the order, and saw General Cuspedes, the President of the Cuban Republic, with whom he passed a month. He was, however, again sent to prison by the Spanish authorities, but through the efforts of Senor Castelar and Isaac Butt was set at liberty. Mr. O'Kelly's next expedition was to Brazil. He accompanied the late Emperor and Empress of that country on their visit to the United States, and saved the life of the Empress on the voyage. A spar falling from aloft would have struck the head of the Empress, who was walking on deck, but not O'Kelly, who was beside her Majesty, interposed his arm, which was broken, to intercept the blow. His successful attempt to reach the Mahdi as special correspondent of the *Daily News* is well known. He sat for Roscommon county in the House of Commons from 1880 till the recent election, when he was defeated by Mr. Bodkin, the anti-Parnellite candidate. Mr. O'Kelly was one of Mr. Parnell's companions in his imprisonment in Kilmainham from October, 1881, till May, 1882. He has also been imprisoned under Mr. Balfour's Coercion Act.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

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(Not dried).
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Of all Grades and Standards.
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Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.
SOLE MAKERS
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 5 lb. each.

At Capri's Point.

It was a dull, dreary place, with nothing but the sound of the sea as it flashed monotonously upon the long stretch of gray sands. There were a few fishing boats drawn up upon the beach, and a few weather-beaten huts dotting the shore, where the owners of these boats tried to live. One could not imagine the sound of merry voices or of little children playing there; it was easier to picture the little boats gone down into the sea, and the voices hushed, and the children weeping.

Even when the boats came safe into port, the joyous words of welcome died away in the monotonous sound of the waves.

"They are safe this time, but they must go again and again, and the sea is always cruel. It may be soon or it may be late, but some time the boats will come back."

Dull, dark and dreary, with dread o'erhanging the present and sorrow foreshadowing the future—this is Capri's Point.

Just now, out on the sands, a fisherman is making ready to set sail. He is a big, merry-hearted fellow of thirty or thereabouts. His golden curling hair and laughing blue eyes are in strong contrast to the scene around him. It would seem that his careless confidence and light-heartedness were almost a challenge to the sea to do its worst; so it appears to his wife, as she stands on the beach, watching him with a half-scared, half-admiring gaze as he whistles at his work.

She is a tall, thin woman with raven hair, dark, haggard eyes, and lines of anxiety written deep in her face; she looks five years older than her husband. It is easier to brave danger than to wait at home.

He is ready to put off at last, and steps ashore. The two comrades who are to accompany him busy themselves in the boat. He takes her up in his arms and presses her close against his heart. Ah, carelessness is often the highest kind of courage! It is only the brave man who faces death with a smile on his lips.

"Good-bye, Jeannie, good-bye," he whispers. The woman on his breast shakes with suppressed sobbing.

"If anything should happen—"

Her voice breaks.

"God be with you then!" he says solemnly, and with a last kiss puts her gently away and springs into the boat.

She watches him until the boat is a tiny speck in the distance. A group of fishermen pass her as she stands straining her eyes for a last look; they lower their voices—all the anxiety and sorrow are on intimate terms with these folk at Capri's Point!

At length, with a sound in her throat half sob, half sigh, she turns her set white face toward home. Oh, how much poor, suffering humanity can bear! How much it bears without a murmur, while it lingers over its daily task!

As she turns, blind, dizzy, seeing only the empty future, she almost runs into a woman standing a few steps away from her.

"Look out!" the other exclaims sharply.

Jeanette stops short. A look of fury comes into her white face.

"You dared to come and see him off! You have been watching him as long as I have! I hate you, Lois Fairbanks!"

The woman to whom this passionate outbreak is addressed surveys her insolently, almost curiously.

"You do love him a little yourself? I never thought a pale, cold thing like you could! Well, there's no judging a seal by its skin, after all. As to daring to see him off," she added contemptuously, "I didn't know there was any price set on watching the boats put off or him, either."

The woman was young and a beauty in her way. The red blood surged in her cheeks, her dark eyes flashed fire, and her softly rounded form quivered with passion, despite the calm insolence of her voice.

Jeanette looked at her steadily. She had grown ghastly as she talked, and there were hard lines about her close-shut mouth. Several times of late she had heard her husband's name coupled with Lois Fairbanks'. Once she had gone so far as to speak to him of it, and he had laughed and kissed her, and asked if she was growing jealous.

"Did he—did he—know—" she began.

But she could not let this woman think that she doubted him, and broke off.

But Lois Fairbanks understood.

"Yes, he knew! I was coming," she answered eagerly. "If I had got here a little sooner he might have kissed me instead of you."

Jeanette drew a quick breath, turned and ran swiftly home.

Lois Fairbanks stood and watched her with a look of unutterable hatred. Her bosom heaved with passion.

"What has love to do with a thing like that!" she muttered. "I love him a thousand times better than she does—than she is capable of loving!"

Jeanette flung open the door of her own little cottage, swung it after her, and fell on her knees by the lounge, burying her face in its cushions. For a little while she sobbed violently, then, as she grew calmer, she prayed to God to take away these unworthy suspicions, to give her back the old trusting faith in her husband that was hers when he had held her in his arms such a little while ago. Only to see his face for one moment—to hear his merry, honest voice tell her it was not true. Not true! How could it be true? How dared she doubt him, with his kiss hardly cold upon her lips! Suppose he should never come back, could she ever forgive herself? The woman was only trying to exasperate her. She was a fool even to notice it. She got upon her feet, bathed her face, and went resolutely about her work.

The days crept by—that was all they ever did at Capri's Point. To Jeanette it seemed as though she had suspended existence until her husband's return. Her life was centered in one frail fishing boat somewhere out on the countless miles of ocean. Nothing in the world could matter—nothing affect her—if that one boat came safe into port.

As the time drew near for his return, she would watch on the sands by the hour to catch the first glimpse of his sail. But he did not come. By and by it seemed to her that the fishermen cast pitying glances at her, and the fishermen's wives avoided her. Perhaps they had news which they dared not tell. The thought cast a chill on her heart. Months crept past—the suspense became unbearable.

It was a day in the autumn. She had been watching on the sands all the afternoon. She was faint and cold, but she was bracing herself to bear the worst. On her way home she stopped at one of the rude homes along the shore. The fisherman and his wife who lived there were elderly people. The old man had given over going to sea, and stopped at home mending nets, drying fish, and doing one thing and another on the shore. They had been always kind to Jeanette—had known her and loved her in girlhood days, had tended her in their kind, gruff fashion, once, when she was ill and her husband was off on a fishing trip. They would tell her the truth, she thought.

The early twilight was fast deepening, and the old couple were aiding their failing sight by the light of two sputtering candles. The fisherman was bending his head closely over a torn net he was trying to mend, by this dismal and uncertain light, while the woman was stirring the fire and adding to it sticks of driftwood gathered from fragments of a wreck cast ashore at Capri's Point. They both looked up when Jeanette entered, and it seemed as her that their faces wore a questioning, pitying expression.

The old woman noted her pinched, worn look.

"Come to the fire, Jeanette," she said. "It's bitter cold, and you've been watching out on the sands again, I trow."

Jeanette only nodded her head. She drew nearer to the fire, and the old couple exchanged glances over her head. Suddenly she wheeled about.

"I cannot bear it any longer!" she said in a labored way, as if it was difficult to speak. "This is killing me! If there is anything you have to tell me, I had better know it. I can bear it better than this. Don't be afraid to speak."

The old man bent his head lower over the net he was mending, and his fingers trembled at his work. His wife kept behind Jeanette, and busied herself with filling the kettle and setting it to boil.

Jeanette faced the old man.

"There is something—I see it in the way your hand shakes and you bend your head! What have you heard?"

"Nothing, Jeanette," he said huskily. "Nothing, and no news is good news."

"What do you guess, then? What do you suspect? Has there been a storm in the way he sailed? Tell me—I can bear it, I tell you!" and she went up to him, and took the net out of his fingers.

He was pale through the dark brown of his weather-stained skin; the sweat stood on his brow, and his hands shook nervously. He looked at his wife.

"Tell her. She will have to know some time," he said.

"Yes, tell me," Jeanette repeated after him.

The woman came and put her wrinkled hand on the younger one's shoulder.

"It is harder to bear, dear, than as if his boat had gone down to the bottom of the ocean; harder to bear! You must not grieve too much—he is not worth it—"

"What is it?"

Jeanette could not say the words; she merely formed them with her lips.

"They say, dear—try and bear it, little one—that he has run away with Lois Fairbanks. He never meant to come back."

Jeanette staggered, and the older woman put her strong arm around her.

"Then it was true—all true!" she murmured.

In a moment she freed herself from the sustaining arm, and stood erect before them.

"Go on. I interrupted you," she said. "Tell me the rest."

"He never meant to come back," the old woman repeated. "It was all arranged before he started for her to meet him over at the Cove. She paid one of the boys to take her there; he was waiting. The boy saw him and saw her go up and speak to him. A man like that isn't worth breaking your heart over, is he, my dear?"

Jeanette smiled a strange, icy smile. If she had tried to explain it, she might have said that it is oftenest the most unworthy over whom women hearts are broken.

"I am going. I want to be alone," she said.

"You won't do yourself any harm?" the old woman asked anxiously, following her to the door.

"Any harm! No! What harm could happen to me now?" she replied.

When she had gone the old wife said to her husband:

"It was a hard thing to do."

"Better for you to tell her than anyone else," he answered, as he stooped and picked up his net.

Jeanette could not have told how she lived through the next few months, doing the same old things with their never varying monotony. She did them mechanically, her eyes always turned on the bitter soul within. It was as the fisherman's wife said; if he had been dead she could have borne it; but this! She had loved him with an intensity that admitted nothing else into her world. If he had died, all this love might have been turned into passionate grief; but now there was nothing left—nothing!

One day, as she wandered aimlessly along the sands, she caught a stray word or two from a group of sailors who had just landed in port. They talked of misery and sorrow in a city they had touched along the coast. At sorrow is ever akin to sorrow, she drew near and listened. It was an agonizing tale they had to tell of a vast city stricken with small-pox. She forgot herself in this awful story. When the sailors were ready to pull back to their vessel she begged them to take her with them, and put her ashore in the unfortunate city, which they finally consented to do.

For weeks she nursed the plague-stricken victims in this place. She had put aside her own sorrows in the suffering and death agonies of others. One day she had watched one man die—he was the last of a family she had been nursing—and she left him to go to a woman who had sent repeatedly for her. As she drew near the bed in the squalid little room, the sufferer lying there opened her dark, piercing eyes, bright with fever; then the eyes took on a frightened look. She writhed in the bed and sought to turn away her face, but it was too late, for Jeanette had recognized her.

"Lois Fairbanks!" she exclaimed.

"Go away, and let me die!" the other muttered.

Jeanette drew close and leaned over the bed. Her white, set face was opposite Lois Fairbanks. Her black eyes held the dark, fevered ones.

"Where is he? Is he dead?" she asked, with trembling eagerness.

"Whom do you mean?" the woman answered.

"Do not mock me, Lois Fairbanks! I mean my husband!"

"Your husband!" she asked uncomprehendingly. "I thought his boat never came back."

"It never did come back. But you—you were with him—"

"I never was!" Lois raised herself upon her elbow. "I am going to die," she said, "and I want to make it all right. I loved him, but he never cared for me. I followed him that day, but he would not listen to me. I called by his boat until after the boy had put off to come home. I wanted him to tell you. I hated you so. I hate you yet—and I am going to die. I dared not die without telling you. If I should meet him he would curse me."

She sank back on the pillow exhausted. After a time she raved incoherently, and when morning dawned, she was dead.

It seemed to Jeanette she could not bear it any longer. Worn with watching, sorrow and this last revelation, she went out on the sands and paced up and down like a mad creature.

She had doubted him and he had been so true—and now he was dead! She could never fall at his feet and ask him to forgive her—only to tell him it was through her very love she had sinned—can there be love without jealousy!

At last she grew calmer. It had grown late. She had spent the day out on the sands. It seemed to her she could not go back to the lonthsome, suffering people. She yearned for the dreary monotony of Capri's Point. To see again the familiar stretch of beach; the dingy cottage, the place where his fishing boat had anchored; the spot on the sands his feet had pressed that last time when he kissed her good-bye. Oh, to see them all again, and then—she dared not think.

There was a vessel in the harbor preparing to set sail. She hurried down to it and asked one of the seamen if they would put her ashore at Capri's Point. The man told her they were sailing in another direction. She turned away despairing and disappointed. A fisherman who was lounging along the shore and had overheard her question followed her as she turned away, and told her that he was about to put off and was intending to land at the Point. If she didn't mind the fishing boat, she was welcome to go along.

She accepted his offer gratefully, and they put off together. It was early twilight. There was a strong breeze, and the tide was rising. She sank down in the end of the boat, and looked straight ahead toward the Point. The fisherman, true to his craft, was silent. The wind was blowing freshly.

Presently the man broke the silence. It had grown quite dark.

"It'll be a rough night," he said.

She did not answer him.

The waves beat against the side of the boat. Their white crests gleamed through the black night. Jeanette sat unheeding. The man moved uneasily. It was too late now to go back.

The waves rose higher and higher. They swept over the little fishing boat, drenching the two crouching there. The fisherman turned to Jeanette, saying:

"The boat cannot stand it much longer. She is old and unsafe."

She started from her lethargy.

"I am not afraid," she answered.

The wind rose and stooped to kiss the waves, and the waves leaped madly to meet it. The boat was tossed like a plaything from billow to billow.

As Jeanette sat with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, she murmured:

"I shall see him again—I can tell him now—he will forgive me. God is merciful—in a little while. How long—"

There was a lull in the tempest for a moment. The man caught her last words, and thinking they implied a question, answered her:

"Not very long. Another shock like the last will do for us."

The boat was now nearly swamped. The billows came on with redoubled fury, sweeping majestically forward with their great white-capped heads high in the air. The man held his breath. Jeanette still continued to murmur:

"I shall see him again. In a little while—a little while—"

The great roaring waves struck the little boat. The end had come.

The next morning a sailing vessel espied a poor fellow clinging to a floating timber out in mid-ocean. He was promptly rescued, and when he was landed at Capri's Point he told a pitiful story of disaster in the awful storm of the night before. By the little he could tell them of the woman who shared his perils, the simple fishermen were able to recognize Jeanette.—*Waverley Magazine.*

Mr. Weatherwet: "By jove! but these Melissa Coats *are* the proper thing. You would scarcely believe I had been out all day in this blooming storm; and here I am, quite dry and jolly comfortable, don't you know."

Miss Drencher: "Oh, yes; I have worn my Melissa for more than a year, in all kinds of weather; and the beauty of it is, there is none of that clammy, air-tight feeling about it, nor that horrid smell one gets from other waterproofs."

Mr. W.: "There seem to be several poor imitations of this Melissa Cloth on the market, so one has to be careful, you know, and always look for the Melissa Trade Mark on every garment or piece of cloth."

(J. W. Mackedie & Co., Wholesale Agents for the Dominion.)

Flattery.

Miss Faire—I do not like compliments. Please to speak truthfully of me and in plain language.

Mr. Witte—But language that speaks truthfully of you cannot be plain.—*Judge.*

What to Do.

Whenever you are out of doors
The best thing you can do
Is to visit a door-factory
And buy some new.

How Realism Got Left.

Mrs. Creedly—Oh, Thomas, isn't this a beautiful picture? It is called The Sabbath Day. How calm and peaceful and sacred the whole scene. We must buy it.

Mr. Creedly—The picture is all that you say, Maria; but you may not know that these modern realistic artists always work right on the spot and at the time their subject depicts, and we can't buy a picture that was called into being by a desecration of the Sabbath.

Ancient Myths.

Boston Girl—What a blow the ancient myths have had in the past few years! Nobody believes in William Tell these days.

Chicago Girl—I should say not. And how is Ben Butler now?

Between the Acts

"Well, what do you think of it?"
"Oh, it's about as broad as it is long."

Baby's Grip.

Irate Passenger—Madame, what do you mean by letting that brat snatch off my wig!
Mother (with a sigh of relief—Oh, it's a wig, is it? I was afeared fur a minute that he'd scalpt ye alive.—*Life.*

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Music.

THE musical closing of Ye Olde Englishe Fayre was a most agreeable way of winding up the proceedings. The short programme prepared by Mr. Schuch was what must be considered under the circumstances as the heartiest expression of appreciation, namely, silence during its performance. At such a gathering everyone is more or less liable to talk, and it is difficult for singers to secure their hearing. Yet the young ladies who sang were most attentively listened to, and their efforts received hearty and prolonged applause. The first one to appear was Miss Lilli Kleiser, who sang Annie Laurie, out of compliment to the Scottish visitors, it was announced. She sang it with great taste and expression, showing a beautifully tender and sympathetic voice. Miss Laura Sturrock, a young lady with a fine, resonant contralto voice, sang Murmuring Zephyrs very effectively and made a most encouraging impression. Another young lady, who is new to our concert audiences, made her appearance on this occasion. This was Miss Maud Beach, who has a very sweet and brilliant soprano voice, which she used very skilfully in Brackett's Proposal. Miss Minnie Gaylord sang her favorite, Robin Adair, very sweetly and daintily. A fine effect was produced by Miss Gertrude Leadlay's rendition of Afterwards, which was very sympathetic and tender. Miss Laura McGillivray was charming in her reading of the Minuet, and equally clever in Both Sides of the Question. Mr. Owen A. Smily gave a stirring reading of The Flag of England. Messrs. Sutherland and Schuch added to the joys of the concert by singing some standard Old English songs.

•

The audiences which greeted Monsieur Edouard Remenyi at the Auditorium last week were very slim indeed. I am afraid that the name which drew and charmed thousands here twelve years ago is waning in its powers. The eccentricity which distinguished Remenyi's playing in those days has paled somewhat and the extravagant gestures have lost their charm. His tone is yet fine, but occasionally lapses from absolute fidelity. Yet the warmth of sentiment that delighted us in the old days is still frequently to be heard, and much enjoyment may be derived from the old man's playing. His support was very good and gave much satisfaction.

•

Miss Florence A. Brimson has been appointed leading soprano of St. Andrew's church. This young lady was one of the promising pupils in Mr. W. Elliott Haslam's class, prior to his departure from Toronto.

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One of the most recent names added to the faculty of the Conservatory of Music is that of Miss Denzil, formerly of London, England, who was lately appointed on the staff as teacher in the vocal department. She is a pupil of the late Madame Sainton-Dolby, for whom Mendelssohn wrote the contralto part in his famous work, the Elijah, and comes to the Conservatory with high credentials and flattering notices as a vocal artist and teacher.

•

Miss Henrietta Shipe, a pupil of Mr. E. W. Schuch, has been appointed soprano of the Unitarian church. METRONOME.

•

I am pleased to know that at the approaching annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Musicians the matter of pianoforte instruction is to be given a prominent place among the essays to be read. The fine essay contributed by Mr. W. O. Forsyth last year, and the somewhat bewildered discussion which followed, proved beyond doubt that the philosophical aspect of piano playing was a question which might be taken up this year with excellent advantage to the Society. To this end it is proposed to write six pianoforte specialists to contribute short essays on the subject. It appears to be the general opinion among piano students and most teachers as well, that in order to attain to any degree of technical skill a certain graded list of studies must of necessity be waded through—the whole forming a sort of ladder to the highest peak of Parnassus in piano virtuosity. The opinion has been gaining ground, however, that too much time is being wasted in studies and exercises of all kinds. It is argued that much better results can be attained through a limited but discriminating use of purely mechanical material, added to specially selected work from standard pianoforte literature which should at the same time serve a technical and a musical end. The bold manner in which this is being announced by recognized authorities and disseminated by their pupils, may be deemed rank heresy by the slaves of the so-called "methods" in which the true spirit of pianoforte playing is lost in the letter.

•

In no branch of music has progress been so marked in this country during the past few years as in the matter of pianoforte instruction. The mere, and oftimes clumsy, playing of notes which was supposed to represent the spirit of the great composers, does not count for much in this age of growing intelligence in musical appreciation. The manner of a performance as much as the composition played is now a powerful factor in securing the approbation of an audience. The day has gone by when a poor performance of a pianoforte concerto or something equally pretentious will be considered a great feat simply because the murdered composition may represent a standard work in pianoforte literature. There is a growing feeling that a small thing well done, whether in the sphere of pianoforte playing or in other realms of music, represents a truer and nobler achievement from an artistic standpoint, or from any other standpoint for that matter, than the mutilations of some high-sounding affair of which the performers may have an imperfect musical conception and inadequate technical resources to properly present it. In the matter of phrasing and expression a great improvement is noticeable on all sides in the performances of piano students. The tendency to combine the intellectual with the mechanical in teaching the piano is a welcome aspect of one of the most important features in the realm of the art, and the discussion of the subject should prove an especially profitable one to members of the C. S. M.

•

The question of "nationalism in music" as applied to Canada is also to form the subject of an essay at the approaching convention. Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison has, I understand, been invited to contribute the material for this interesting subject. It may surprise many to know that Canada can lay claim to the possession of anything characteristic in a musical way. We, in Ontario, feel that our efforts are but the reflex of German and English influences. Mrs. Harrison, however, has discovered in the Province of Quebec, among the French Canadians, evidences of a peculiar tendency in their music, which may perhaps be regarded as the germ of a Canadian "school" if properly developed.

•

The music hall of the Conservatory of Music was filled to overflowing on Tuesday evening last on the occasion of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp's piano recital. Mr. Tripp had won laurels of no mean order prior to his recent sojourn in Germany, under the instruction of Moszkowski. The announcement of his recital, therefore, created considerable interest and some curiosity as well. There is no room for doubt left idea in the imagination of many that to breathe German atmosphere as a piano student of necessity implies the attainment of an unquestionable virtuosity. This does not, however, always follow. Talent of a high order is as necessary to success in the fatherland as in this practical land, and it is pleasing to note that in Mr. Tripp's case his German experience has justified the highest expectations of his friends in Toronto who advised him to continue his studies abroad. Possessed of excellent technical skill and a broad musical appreciation before beginning his course of study with Herr Moszkowski, it is not surprising that the character of his performance on Tuesday evening should have aroused the enthusiasm of his audience who were not slow to recognize the many evidences his playing betrayed of faithful study and genuine advance in style. Mr. Tripp's greatest successes were so decidedly won in his master's own compositions, which were played with splendid technical finish and an admirable regard for the details of phrasing and expression. The Beethoven Sonata and the Chopin numbers served to illustrate the young pianist's versatility to excellent advantage, being played with fine judgment throughout. The evening was pleasantly diversified by the recitations of Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the new principal of the Conservatory School of Elocution, whose several appearances were heartily encored.

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I have received from the Anglo Canadian Music Publishing Association (Ltd.), 66 King street west, the following new music: Wiegenlied, for piano, by Mr. W. O. Forsyth. This beautiful composition is in reality a new German edition of one of Mr. Forsyth's earlier works. To my opinion it is one of Mr. Forsyth's happiest efforts, and in its new and more attractive version should become even more popular than before. The composer has carefully added many marks of expression, as well as entirely altered the phrasing and in some instances the fingering. As its name implies, it is a lullaby or cradle song, and its characteristic treatment and melodic beauty has earned for it no small sale in Germany. I can heartily recommend it to piano students.

•

White Shells, a song by Mr. F. Boscovitz, the well known composer and pianist. In this composition Mr. Boscovitz has evidently aimed at producing something melodious and in the popular style. In this he has succeeded admirably. There are many reminiscences in White Shells of old vocal favorites, notably that other love story, Love's Old Sweet Song, and several others which occur to me. This will not, however, necessarily effect the popularity of Mr. Boscovitz's last effort. I understand that a set of waltzes and several other new songs by the same composer are about to be issued by the same enterprising publishing house.

MODERATO.

Another Colonel for the 48th.

There's rumors of a disruption in the 48th Batt., "Davidson" Highlanders. Two of the "Kilties" discussed the situation on Yonge street yesterday.

"D'ye git onto the airs that man Davidson is puttin' on now, Dinny?"

"Av course I do, an' I don't think the byes 'll stand it much longer, be Hivins."

"Well, it makes me fattigay, onyway. They say he's been the manes of gittin' ivery wan of them siven Scotchmen in the rigiment. The man ought to be ast to get out."

"Don't worry, me bye, Peter Ryan 'll be at the head av the gang before a twelvemonth."

"Go 'long wid ye."

"It's the truth I'm tellin' ye. An' forby that, he's goin' to change the name to '48th Fardowns.'" PEACEFUL JONES.

His Illustration.

In a certain rural district of Western Ontario lives a worthy old gentleman against whom few charges other than the following can be made: He has permitted the age to get ahead of him. Having been for many years a local preacher, he is widely known on account of his fondness for high-sounding expressions and because of the unique rendering he gives to the accounts of certain well known historical events. On one occasion, at a certain week night religious service, being asked to address the young people on the subject of Firmness, he pointed his remarks with the following historical allusion: "And there's the grand old Duke of Wellington," said he, "at the battle of Waterloo, when he saw the French advancing, he says to his guards, says he, 'Stand firm!' says he, and they stood firm. Then he gave the command, 'Fix your bayonets!' says he, and they fixed them. On thundered Napoleon at the head of his troops. Then the great English general called out in trumpet tones, 'Discharge your bayonets,' says he, and they discharged it, and thus was a great battle won for truth and righteousness." H. T. C.

Woman's Way.

Heeler—If women had the ballot, they would vote as they pray.
Wheeler—How is that?
Heeler—With their eyes shut.

Got it For Nothing.

De Jinks.—The tailor said I could have the suit for thirty-five dollars cash or fifty dollars on credit.
Bjones.—Of course you studied economy.
De Jinks.—Certainly. I took it for fifty dollars.

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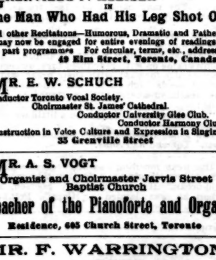

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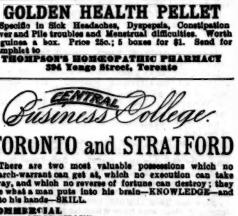

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

situated in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city and is one of the handsomest edifices in town. Rev. Elmore Harris is pastor and he secured Rev. Dr. Gordon of Boston to preach the opening sermons. A creditable thing with regard to this new church is that the seats are free to the public.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Dixon have returned home and will receive at 62 Howard street on Wednesday and Thursday, November 16 and 17, where they will be pleased to see their friends.

Mr. S. Alfred Jones has returned from Brantford, where he has been holding court as deputy judge during the indisposition of the county judge.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick will open the sale of work which occurs under the auspices of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, in Broadway Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16 and 17. High tea will be served from six to eight o'clock each evening, and the doors open each afternoon at three o'clock. Mrs. Rolph and Mrs. Wadsworth are secretaries, and Mrs. Darling and Mrs. Baker are treasurers of the fund.

On Tuesday evening the Ontario Society of Artists appointed Mr. Robert F. Gagen, the secretary, to be their representative on the Hanging Committee, and Messrs. Bell-Smith and Reid on the Committee of Selection at the World's Exposition at Chicago next year.

Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre is no sooner over than a new enterprise on the part of Toronto ladies is announced. The board of the Homœopathic Hospital held a meeting recently and decided to give an entertainment, and appointed the following committee to arrange matters: Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. J. D. Tyrell, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Vere C. Brown, Miss Shanly and Miss N. Shanly. The committee decided to engage Miss C. H. Allen and to present

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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It is expected that Mr McDiarmid will also preach on Sunday, November 13.

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A CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

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ONE WEEK COMMENCING **MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14**

Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday

THE FUNNIEST MAN ON EARTH **Ezra Kendall** IN HIS GREAT LAUGHING PLAY

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Supported by a Splendid Company of Comedians, Vocalists and Specialists, including MISS JENNIE DUNN, the "Little Josephine" of the Famous Juvenile Pinafore, in her Wooden Shoe German Specialties; CARLOTTA, in her Fascinating Dances; JOHN MAGEE and LEO HARDMAN, in their Great Character Specialties; MARIE SANGER, KATE QUINTEN, CONNIE THOMPSON and other well-known artists.

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FRENCH AND AMERICAN

Pattern Bonnets
Velvet Hats
Felt Hats In all the Newest Shapes
Veilings, &c.

Which is well worth the inspection of ladies about to purchase

Imported Mantles

Stylish Dressmaking

MISS DUFFY

Is also showing a stock of fine Mantles at prices intended to sell every garment.

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Latest Designs

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Pa'i li e of Manicure goods. Zan O'Lin Nail Bisoch, 25c. Pink Nail Sand, 20c., 40c. and 50c., for polishing. Rose-Nail Nail and Lip Tint, 25c. and 40c. Buffers, Scissors, Files, Cuticle Knives, &c. The best I can secure in the market. Madame Ira Lee's Cleopatra Cream, 75c. a pot, a perfect skin food, balm and compound for neck, arms and bust developing. Toujour Jeune—always young—sample brick, 20c.; larger sizes, 40c., 75c. and $1. These can all be sent by mail. Incorporated Toilet Articles made from the purest and best of oils (try it). I have been selling them three years, and I know what I advertise. Dr. Fray's goods have been used thirty years in the toilet, and are among the best. I keep none other than first-class goods, and which have been thoroughly tried.

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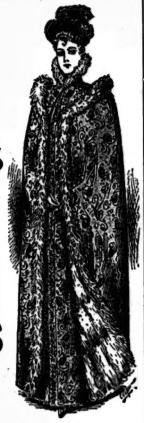

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Eleven.)

her Marriage Dramas, which have been staged in Ottawa and Montreal recently, proving the greatest social events of the season in each place. The dates chosen are December 15, 16 and 17, and the Grand Opera House will be the place. The Marriage Dramas consist in the staging of the various marriage ceremonies practiced among all people since the earliest times, and from the charming accounts sent us by our Ottawa and Montreal correspondents, (which, unfortunately, space would not permit the publication of) I am sure no more delightful entertainment could possibly be conceived. Toronto ladies and gentlemen will represent the characters in the various ceremonies, appropriately costumed. Each of the dramas will require about eighteen people and two ladies will have complete superintendence of details for each. The ladies, most of whom have already consented to assist, are: Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. S. G. Macdonald, Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mrs. Reginald Northcote, Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. J. D. Tyrell, Miss Mason, Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Madame D'Auria, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Miss Shanly, Miss N. Shanly, Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mrs. C. H. Nelson, Mrs. Alexander Robertson, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have kindly consented to give their patronage and be present at the opening performance, and it is the intention of the management to request the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers and the 48th Highlanders each to patronize it one night, while Upper Canada College will be asked to patronize the matinee. An influential committee of gentlemen will be appointed, and under the direction of Mr. S. R. Brush, who has kindly volunteered his services as business manager, the Hospital Board have hope that Marriage Dramas will prove a success, not only as a dramatic performance, but in a substantial way. It is estimated that the cost of production will be about $1,500, and this sum will be guaranteed by three hundred ladies.

Miss Marguerite Baker, graduate of the Boston School of Oratory, has opened classes in elocution and Delsarte physical culture in the Y. W. C. Guild Building, McGill street. Miss Baker was formerly director of the elocution department in Alma College, and is now teaching in the Ladies' College, Hamilton, and in the Delsarte School of Oratory in this city. Miss Baker purposes giving a recital with a good musical programme on Monday evening, December 5, in the hall of the Guild. This will be a most enjoyable affair.

A Progressive Dentist.

Dr. Frank J. Stowe, Dentist, has lately been to New York city taking a course of instruction of Dr. E. Parmley Brown, the eminent clinical instructor, whose services are solicited in all the great cities of Europe and America. Dr. Stowe is one of our most enterprising dentists, who evidently prefers to stand at the top of the ladder in the dental art rather than secure business as a cheap John by cutting prices. A reporter had occasion to visit his office, when the pleasant doctor seized the opportunity to show him his specimens of his new porcelaine bridgework, which are certainly very unique and artistic, and the reporter says he has no hesitation in recommending all who desire high art in dentistry to pay the doctor a visit.

The Wardrobe of a Well Dressed Man.

A well dressed man does not require so much an extensive as a varied wardrobe. He needs a different costume for every season and every occasion, but if what he has chosen be simple rather than striking he may wear the same clothes as often as he likes as long as they are fresh and appropriate to the season and the object. There are four kinds of coats which he must have. A morning coat, a frock coat, a dress coat and an overcoat. He may have as many of each of these as he may think fit or his pocket book may permit. The present style of overcoat for fall and winter wear is worn very much longer than what has been worn for the past few seasons, made single or double-breasted, the latter having the preference; the style of goods, beavers, meltons and fine kerseys, of which I have a large assortment. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Trip to California.

Mr. W. R. Callaway, district passenger agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, announces a personally conducted party to all points in California, leaving Toronto 5 p.m., November 16th. The party will be taken in one of the Canadian Pacific Railway's celebrated tourist cars, which are furnished with regular outfit, similar to the first-class sleeper, the route being via Kansas City, where the only change in cars will be made. The special advantages thus offered are the through service with superior accommodation at a very cheap rate. For full particulars write or call on Mr. W. R. Callaway, No. 1 King Street East, Toronto.

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Births.

O'LOUGHLIN—Oct. 23, Mrs. H. O'Loughlin—a son.
INGE—Oct 31, Mrs. W. Inge—a son.
WILLIAMS—Nov. 2, Mrs. Bruce Williams—a son.
BARBER—Oct. 27, Mrs. A. E. Barber—a son.
LAMBTON—Nov 1, Mrs. E. T. Lightbourn—a daughter.
WILSON—Nov. 1, Mrs. M. L. Wilson—a son.
RUTHERFORD—Oct. 27, Mrs. J. W. Rutherford—a daughter.
MORPHY—Nov. 2, Mrs. Walter Morphy—a daughter.
LAWRENCE—Oct. 31, Mrs. A. G. F. Lawrence—a son.
WATSON—Nov. 3, Mrs. R. Watson—a daughter.
MIDDLETON—Nov. 4, Mrs. W. Middleton—a son.
DYMOND—Nov. 5, Mrs. Allan Dymond—a son.
LEEMING—Nov. 3 Mrs. T. Leeming—a son.
FERGUSON—Nov. 4, Mrs. W. Ferguson—a daughter.
PHILPOTT—Nov. 5, Mrs. F. V. Philpott—a son.
CAMPBELL—Nov. 7, Mrs. A. C. Campbell—a daughter.
ROBARTS—Nov. 7, Mrs. R. C. Robarts—twin daughters.

Marriages.

MACQUILLAN—MACQUEEN—At St. Paul's church, Woodstock, on Oct 29, by Rev. J. C. Farthing, M. A., John Mc-Quillan of Toronto, to Kate, youngest daughter of the late D. S. Macqueen, Judge of the County Court of the County of Oxford.
DIXON—FRANKLAND—Oct 26, A. E. Dixon to Frances Frankland.
GIBBS—CHEYNE—Nov. 5, Harry M. Gibbs to Eva M. Cheyne.
CAMERON—PECHELL—Oct. 31, Charles Cameron to E. C. Pechell.
ASPDEN—MASSON—Nov. 2, Frederick Aspden to M. E. Masson.
ANDERSON—ORTON—Nov. 2, James Anderson to M. Orton.
TOAZE—MILES—Oct. 31, Alfred Toaze to Helen Miles.
WELLER—BROWNE—Nov. 2, Henry Weller to Bertha Browne.
NAGLE—HAYCOCK—Nov. 2, James C. Nagle to Ethel Haycock.
HARBOTTLE—DIXON—Nov. 2, William Harbottle to Sarah Dixon.
LOVETT—McGOWAN—Nov. 2, James Lovett to Hattie McGowan.
WYLIE—KERR—Nov. 2, Wm. Wylie to Jean D. Kerr.

Deaths.

BROWN—Nov. 7, Annie S. Brown.
BOYD—Nov. 7, George Boyd, aged 76.
ROBARTS—Nov. 7, twin daughters of E. C. Robarts.
ATTWOOD—Nov. 1, Mrs. J. Atwood.
HUNTER—Nov. 1, William Hunter, aged 84.
MOFFATT—Oct. 31, Caroline Moffatt, aged 77.
FURLONG—Nov. 3, Clara Furlong, aged 14.
STONE—Nov. 3, Sara Stone, aged 18.
BIGELOW—Nov. 4, N. G. Bigelow, aged 51.
DARLING—Nov. 6, Walter Darling.
McANDREW—Nov. 4, E. M. McAndrew, aged 65.
WATERS—Nov. 3, Thomas Waters, aged 50.
BEATTY—Nov. 3, Sarah J. Beatty, aged 34.
HILL—Nov. 3, Erastus D. Hill, aged 74.
JENNINGS—Nov. 4, Fred W. Jennings, aged 22.
CLARKE—Nov. 5, Richard E. Clarke, aged 46.
HARRINGTON—Nov. 5, Annie Harrington, aged 28.
O'BYRNE—Nov. 6, Mrs. O'Byrne, aged 55.
KING—Nov. 7, Joseph Roy King, aged 13.

New Table Decorations in GLASS
WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY
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USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaints, Diarrhœa, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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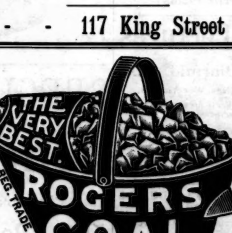

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